

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## The Title of American Citizen—Its Abuse.

We notice the report that Mr. Seward has addressed a note to the British Government, asking the interposition of royal clemency in the case of certain Irishmen, convicted of having killed a policeman in Manchester, and who claim to be American citizens. We apprehend that the note, if such has been sent, will have no greater effect than that addressed to the President of Mexico, asking clemency for the Austrian filibuster, Maximilian. There are people who believe that Mr. Seward is quite as sincere in his last as in his former application, and that he will not be sorry if it prove equally ineffective. For it is impossible for him to be ignorant of the fact that the claim of American citizenship is con-

stantly assumed by men who have no title to it—that it is abused by those who have the technical right to make use of it, but who have acquired that right for selfish, base and unlawful purposes, and who do not regard the dignity or honor of the country from which they derive it.

It is time that it came to be understood that the refuge and hospitality which the United States affords equally to peasant and prince shall not be perverted to revengeful and ambitious purposes; and that when an immigrant takes the oath of allegiance to the United States, he renounces all purposes of propaganda and revolution abroad. And if arrested in revolutionary practices in other countries, it is equally time that it should be understood he will neither receive the sympathy of our people

or the protection of our Government. We will not accept quarrels not involving our own honor or interests; we will not be forced into war, nor even into a false position, by men who seek to make our soil the standpoint for hostile acts against other nations. The regeneration of nationalities must be made from within themselves, if at all.

We did not interfere to save the followers of Lopez and Walker from the consequences of their acts, and none of them had the audacity to claim immunity for them on the plea of American citizenship, although born on our soil, and many of them of families bearing names honorably identified with our history. No Secretary of State interfered to save them from the fate which they accepted as the penalty of failure; nor did any Secretary of

State write whining letters and pitiable appeals in their behalf. They planned an adventure which, from their point of view, was equally glorious and useful, and manfully took the consequences. They did not, like these condemned Irishmen in Manchester, orate and mouth, and fling dirt on the representative of the country that had given them refuge, and the hospitality of which they had abused, in organizing hostilities against a nation with which we were in peaceable, if not very loving relations.

The men condemned at Manchester, whether guilty or not of the murder with which they were charged, were certainly in England for the purpose of exciting insurrection and levying war against the authorities there—rightly or wrongly existing. This was openly de-



HAPPIING FOR FOULTRY ON THANKSGIVING EVE—A VERY POOR THROW, "ONLY FIVE."—SEE PAGE 179.



clared by one of them—Connor, *alias* Shore—and by the rest tacitly admitted. Said Connor, after regretting "the unfortunate divisions of our countrymen in America," all "things have been thwarted, and, as a matter of course, we must submit to our fate." But O'Brien *alias* Gould, was less manly. He said, "I am a citizen of the United States, and if Charles Francis Adams had done his duty toward me, I would not be in this dock answering your questions now." And he hopes that "the American people will notice this part of the business." Well, they do notice it, and they have only to say that Mr. Charles Francis Adams had no right or warrant to interfere in the case, unless there was evidence that the trial was unfairly conducted. Had he interfered without such evidence, he would probably have been informed that his absence would be better than his company in the British capital, precisely as a British Minister would be treated here who might undertake to interfere with the proceedings of our Courts of Justice.

We cannot believe the report that our Minister in Italy made some interposition in behalf of Garibaldi, during his late troubles, on the ground that he is an American citizen. And we are sure that Garibaldi never authorized such an interposition, and Mr. Marsh is far too well versed in international law not to know that Garibaldi, since he became an American citizen, forfeited all right to the name and its immunities when he accepted commands from the Italian King, and entered his military service.

Mr. Seward interfered in Canada to save some misguided Irishmen from the plain and well understood consequences of their own acts, and with success. The clemency extended in consequence of his appeals, as we all know, produced no effect except to encourage new violations of the peace which it is equally our duty and interest to preserve with our neighbors. This time Mr. Seward must have understood in advance his interference could do no good, and if really made, it was an act of demagogism unbecoming of his age, experience, and position, and utterly repugnant to the sentiments of all true American citizens.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

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NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

#### Our Principles.

"I would reduce the rate of taxation to the lowest point that would defray the expenses of the Government, economically administered, and pay the interest and maturing obligations, and leave the principal of the bonded debt to be discharged in other and better times."—*Senator Morton.*

"In the passage by Congress of a bill by two-thirds majority over a Presidential veto, the Executive power is constitutionally annihilated on that subject, and the President has no longer a right, for any reason, to interpose an obstacle to the administration of the law."—*Gov. Boutwell.*

"Under no circumstance shall the credit of the Nation or State be injured by wrongful tampering with public obligations, nor shall the name of the Republic ever be dishonored by the slightest deviation from the path of financial integrity."—*Republican Convention of New-York.*

"Let our laws and our institutions speak not of white men, not of red men, not of black men, not of men of any complexion; but like the laws of God—the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer—let them speak of the people."—*Horace Mann.*

#### Special Notice.

We shall be happy to enter into negotiations with any author of established reputation, whose engagements will permit, for a Continued Story for THE CHIMNEY CORNER or the LADY'S MAGAZINE. The highest price will be paid. Decision promptly given.

#### Co-Operative Societies.

It may, not unreasonably, be supposed that our readers are in a general way acquainted with the workings of these associations. Those who have watched them from their small beginnings are aware that the original type was founded many years ago in the "Rochdale Equitable Pioneers," and that in imitation or emulation of this, many hundred kindred societies have been formed, some to achieve a success equal to that of their prototype, others to meet with disappointment or early decay.

Dividing such societies into classes, we may fairly call them those of consumption and those of production, each in its own sphere seeking in association an economy not to be found in individual or segregated efforts. It is in the former of these classes that the workmen of this country are most interested. A diminished cost of the necessities of life must inevitably take precedence of a cheaper method of production. The latter may be the more profitable to those engaged in it, but besides that its rewards are distant and uncertain, it

lacks the practical and immediate effects of lightening the burdens of the household, which constitute the chief recommendation of the former.

A single instance will illustrate our meaning. A retail "corner grocery" will charge a consumer 70 cents for 7 lbs. of flour—that is, at the rate of \$19.60 per barrel. If 28 families can combine to buy a barrel of flour, it will cost them to-day \$10.50, or 5 1-2 cents per lb., including the expense of the purchasing and distribution, as against 10 cents charged by the retail dealer. In the same way tea, coffee, sugar, coal, butchers' meat, and articles of clothing may be economically bought and distributed to an association, by purchasing at wholesale prices, and saving the profits made by middlemen.

In all this there is a palpable diminution of expenditure which appeals forcibly to every one who is puzzled how to make his wages cover the Saturday night's expenditure. If, on the other hand, his income depend upon the profits of an association formed to compete with long-established houses who have capital and reputation, our honest laborer will often find that his receipts have fallen below what other workmen in the same line have received as wages, while his expenditure is not, in any way, lessened.

Therefore it is, we think, that associations for purchasing are the most profitable (reckoning savings as profits), as they are the most natural development of the Co-operative movement, and while we see with pleasure that the Co-operative Glass-cutters and Co-operative Stone-makers are doing well, we cannot help thinking that the Co-operative Flour and Coal Societies, which everybody reads of in the daily papers as being constantly formed, are really doing the most good.

There is no occasion for us to enter into the details of the operations of the societies lately established here. It needs no argument to show that articles bought at wholesale prices, and distributed among the subscribers to a common fund, will cost less, under proper management, than if bought at retail. If any proof were wanted, the perfect success of such associations among the workmen of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the details of which have been so often published, must be a complete answer. We have inserted the proviso of "proper management" as an element of success, and think it right to add a few words of warning to our friends among the workmen on this point. There can be no absolute necessity that the example of the Rochdale Pioneers should be followed in every detail in order to insure a like success here. But one cannot fail to observe in reading the interesting history of their rise and progress, that it was begun and carried out by the *workmen themselves*. In its outlines it presented the form of a joint-stock affair, with a full paid-up capital of £28. But it was not a joint-stock affair in the usual acceptance of the word, because trading in its shares was not, and could not be any part of its business. Its sole object was the cheaper purchasing of the necessities of life, and each partner was entitled to share in the food and provisions thus cheapened. Even when the scheme expanded to the large proportions it now has attained, each buyer shared in the profits, and if we rightly understand, buying and selling of its shares cannot be made a source of profit. We allude to this, because we see in the organizations begun here a tendency to assimilate them to joint-stock companies, with all the apparatus of shares on which deposits are paid, with a nominal large capital, and small paid-up capital, just as if they were mining or railway companies. The originators of these associations, besides are not, as in all cases they ought to be, the workmen themselves. We have no fault to find with the benevolent individuals who take pains to lecture on the subject, and spread information in regard to it among the laboring classes, but we cannot help thinking, that in going beyond this, and introducing a Wall street paraphernalia of shares and stocks, they are doing more harm than good. If, after having been informed fully of the way in which they may benefit themselves, workmen choose to graft such methods on their social system, we have every confidence they will succeed in introducing a great economy into their households. We have no such confidence if capitalists are invited to organize such societies for the benefit of the working classes.

On the one side would be found thrift, prudence, an economical administration, and a scrutiny of the items of account such as only workmen looking into workmen's affairs can exercise. On the other side there would be disproportionate salaries, an expensive outfit, and a general inclination to catch popular attention by glittering display. Against a modest shop fitted up by artisans for the use of artisans, and kept by artisans themselves, would be opposed a luxurious establishment where a man in his working dress must feel like a stranger and an intruder, and although well designed to stimulate the sale of shares, would not be the place where the working classes could expect to buy cheap food, or

cheap clothes. It would be plate-glass against common shelves, black-walnut against painted deal, half-yearly reports signed in due form by a secretary which probably no one of the many interested could analyze or understand, against a weekly statement of receipts and disbursements made without fuss or expense by a plain workman to his fellows in a straightforward and intelligible manner.

We do not speak at random on this matter, nor are the cases we attempt to describe mere gratuitous suppositions. Since the first co-operative society proved a success in England many hundred others have been organized, and Government appointed an officer whose duty it was to make an annual report on the condition of each society. Mr. Tidd Pratt's reports are most interesting, and the results given by him prove, most conclusively, that when the operatives themselves have taken the exclusive charge of their organization, and have in their establishments carried out the same rules of economy that they practice in their own households, their association has generally proved successful. When other aims have been sought, when men unused to the habits and manners of the working classes have administered their societies for them, failure has been the rule and success the exception.

While, therefore, we heartily approve of the principle of co-operation, seeing in it the first step toward solving the problem of the relation of capital to labor, it is our firm conviction that, to carry it out with any measure of success, it must be totally removed from the malarious atmosphere of stock-jobbing, and be begun and continued by the workmen themselves for their own benefit and that of their fellows.

#### Disappointed Reformers.

It seems to be useless to try to be good in New York. Two years ago, under the guidance and on the recommendation of the Citizens' Association, we succeeded in electing a "Reform" Corporation Counselor, *malgre* the ugly fact that he had been a rebel sympathizer, and bore an Irish name. We were assured that he had never served a term on Blackwell's Island, nor was it known that he ever escaped the State Prison through the beneficent provisions of the Statute of Limitations. He was reputed honest, and it was thought that he would resist all unlawful attempts on the City Treasury with the whole weight of his position and all the strength of his abilities. Most of us, satisfied with having elected a "Reformer," relapsed into our usual comfortable indifference, and probably would have continued in the pleasant belief that, however badly matters might go on in other departments, virtue and economy prevailed in the office of the City Counselor, where we had established the great Reformer, Mr. Richard O'Gorman.

But alas for our pleasant delusions! Alas for the prescience of the Citizens' Association! Alas, and alack! The same Citizens' Association now tells us with circumstantial exactness, that the idol it set up is brass and not gold, and that our angel of light is a fiend of the blackest dye, with claws longer and more grasping than those of his predecessors, and that in our reforming zeal we cast out one devil only that his place might be supplied by another still worse. We suppose the Citizens' Association knows whereof it speaks, and we accept its three solid columns of details as embodying the truth. But we haven't the heart to wade through them; it would be like committing suicide by reiterated blows of a bodkin. It is enough for us to find our political mentors and guides, after setting forth Mr. O'Gorman's sins of omission and commission, thus tearfully summing up their disappointments and griefs:

"Your predecessors in office attempted no such wrongs; you have imitated them only to surpass them; and your record to-day shows that in the twenty months you have been in office, you have steadily increased the burden of the tax-payers of the city, and have proportionately cost them more than any official that ever held your office."

A LOVE of melody is common to almost all living things. Rats come out of their holes to hear it, and snakes are said to be charmed by it. Birds love it, and warble it, because, as Jenny Lind told us, they couldn't help it. During the years when there were slaves in the United States, the unpaid toilers beguiled the weary hours with songs, melodious but generally plaintive, and consonant with their condition, although sometimes gay and insouciant, as they were themselves. Under new conditions and invested with new responsibilities, the songs of the *quondam* slaves will probably take a new form, and come nearer those which were their master's. They will probably lose in melody what they gain in expression. Be that as it may, their slave-songs will remain as an index of their former condition, feelings, and capacities. In this sense, not less than in others equally obvious, we are glad to see that Messrs. A. Simpson & Co., of this city, have published "The Slave Songs of the United States." These songs have been selected with care, and will be accompanied by the music. As observed in the prospectus before us: "A book of this description, unique and valuable for preserving, what, under the new regime at the South, it is daily be-

coming more difficult to secure, attractive to all lovers of music by reason of the beautiful melodies which it embalms, would seem to be entitled to a wide circulation. The truly musical, the lovers of the curious, the students of language, the friends of the colored race in America, of course will have an interest in a work of this character, which has also very high claims as a contribution to history, and as a record of religious feeling which would be remarkable in any age."

JUDGE DAVIS, administrator of the estate of the late President Lincoln, has made a final settlement of the same. After paying all debts and expenses, there remains to be divided among the heirs the sum of \$110,296 80. Of this amount Mrs. Lincoln receives \$36,765 30, Robert T. Lincoln and Thaddeus Lincoln each the same amount. It is a remarkable fact that the total amount of Mr. Lincoln's indebtedness, at the time of his death, as per schedule filed in the County Clerk's Office, was only \$38 31.

A REBELLION is raging in Abyssinia that may help make the English expedition against the Emperor Theodore comparatively easy. It is said the emperor is avenging himself on all mankind for their desertion of him by horrible cruelties. All peasants found in the fields are killed; 2,500 intending deserters were killed in one batch; 295 chiefs had their arms and feet cut off, and in that condition starved to death; the wives, mothers, and children of deserters are put to death by slow torture.

THE tax levy of the city of New York has increased from \$5,843,000 under Mayor Wood, in 1855, to \$21,560,000 under Mayor Hoffman, in 1887!

THE number of vehicles of all sorts that passed the Astor House on the 14th of November, between 7 A. M., and 8 P. M., was 13,801.

THE *Drillo*, a leading Italian newspaper, speaks thus of the French Emperor:

"Napoleon III. is the great fabricator of nothing. But his contradictions will kill him. The Europe of the old system sees in him an intruder; the Europe of the new public right regards him as a despot; clerical France adores him but loves another, and liberal France fears and hates him. Italy detests him."

THE English telegraphs have all been placed under the direction of the Post-Office Department. This is a measure the working of which well deserves to be watched and studied in this country. There is no good reason why telegraphic messages should not be sent to all parts of the United States for a cent a word.

THE Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Company, of London, stated, in his examination before a Committee of the British House of Commons, that the losses of his single company, by the careless use of matches exceeded \$50,000 annually. The loss of life from burns and ignition of clothing by treading on matches is every year considerable. Many children die from eating off the phosphorized ends of the matches and lately a whole family were poisoned by a box of matches which had fallen in the coffee-pot.

JOHN BULL is still sore over the defeat of his ship, the Alabama, by the Kearsage. He is unable to deny that the Alabama was sunk, nor has he yet pretended that she was sunk by running on a rock. But he says, in the language of the *Saturday Review*:

"Not only was the Alabama in no fighting trim—her copper hanging in loose sheets from her bottom, her engines damaged, her speed diminished to a very serious extent—but she was a wooden ship; while the Kearsage was partially protected by armor—a fact unknown to Captain Semmes when he accepted her tactical challenge. The victory, then, implied no superiority either in the Kearsage or her crew—except, perhaps, superior cunning."

The Kearsage was a wooden ship, and had not an ounce of armor. But if the delusion that she was armored is soothing to Bull's vanity, let him cherish it.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL, that famous retreat for old and disabled tars, has turned out at last to be a failure. General discontent prevailed for many years, when in 1865 the British Government obtained an Act "to provide for the better government of Greenwich Hospital, and the more beneficial application of the revenues thereof." Under this Act, power was given to grant out-door pensions and allowances, under the designation of "Naval Pensions," to parties entitled to the benefits of the hospital. All inmates of the hospital who chose to avail themselves of these pensions were authorized to do so, but their acceptance was in no degree compulsory. Upward of eight hundred inmates elected to leave the hospital on receipt of these money allowances. The consequence is, that the greater part of this grand establishment is now vacant. The three hundred and seventy pensioners who remain are, for the most part, sick, crippled, and infirm old men, who have no opportunity of acquiring comfortable homes elsewhere. "Greenwich," in fact, is converted into an infirmary for decrepit and imbecile pensioners. The love of independence is inherent in man.

A WRITER in *Bentley's Miscellany* undertakes to give his readers information about New York which they are unable to obtain elsewhere—and he does it. Coming over in the Saxonia, of the Hamburg Line, he was landed in Hoboken instead of New York. He was "amazed," but found out, by way of explanation, "that the State of New York has conceded the monopoly of landing passengers on its territory to the Cunard Line." He can only compare this policy on the part of New York to that pursued by the Bourbons when they held rule in Naples, and then goes on to say:

"Now-a-days, not a power is extant in Europe but would blush to sell such a favor. Imagine the paradox, in the country of conventional liberty and unrestrained New Jersey, which owns the other bank of the Hudson,



being an independent and consequently rival State, adopts the opposite course, and grants free leave to every conceivable steam-boat company to land passengers at Hoboken, or anywhere they choose within the limit of its State-boundary. There is no country on the face of the globe where the ideas of an exploded economy still hold such sway, where such inconsistencies and such wholesale speculations still rule the day, as within these very free States of North America."

The readers of *Bentley* will never know that the Canard Line lands its passengers in New Jersey and not in New York, nor will they ever find out that New York has granted no "exclusive privilege" to any line of steamers to land passengers on its soil.

## VARIA.

HENRY WARD BEECHER seems to have found his place. He has written one novel; has engaged to write another, the initial chapters of which have been published already, and it is currently reported that a wide-awake London publisher is endeavoring to obtain manuscript for a third.

COLONEL ALFRED CLARK HILLA, of the editorial corps of the *Chicago Tribune*, died in that city on the 17th ultimo. He had been local editor of the *New York Evening Post* in 1861, but joined a New York Regiment as lieutenant, and served on General Banks's staff for some time in New Orleans.

THE friends of the late Governor Andrew are raising a fund for his widow. It was nominally \$50,000, but the probabilities are, that it will mount to \$100,000 or more. Rumor says, that his life was insured for \$10,000.

THE Universalist Society of Cavendish, Vermont, has chosen a Miss Damon as pastor. She is said to be pretty as well as eloquent. Under these circumstances would she not find her sphere of usefulness much enlarged if she had a helpmeet?

RITUALISM in New York seems on the ascendant, if boy choirs are a sign of development in that direction. There are now twelve churches here that have boy choirs in surplices singing in the chancel.

ONCE more the rumor of Queen Victoria's re-entree into society crosses the Ocean. It is authoritatively stated that she is about to emerge from her long seclusion, and that the next season will be one of the most brilliant of her reign.

CAPT. MAYNE REID, of England, the well-known boys' story-teller, has taken a house in Newport, where he will live for the winter. At a suggestion in the local paper, that he might be secured to give public readings after the Dickens mode, Capt. Reid seems "indignant," and replies, "I hope you will do me the honor to believe that I have come to America for a higher purpose than to make exhibition of myself as a literary showman."

THE Alumni of Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, have subscribed a sufficient amount to build a Memorial Hall in memory of those of their number who died in defense of their country.

EVACUATION DAY in New York is annually celebrated on the 25th of November by a parade of the National Guard. This year the troops were reviewed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by Governor Fenton.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN E. WOOL, on the retired list of the United States Army, although far advanced in years, is in the enjoyment of quite tolerable health in Troy. He is engaged in the preparation of his "Military Recollections" for the press.

THE invasion of business into the heretofore sacred precincts of Union Square, in New York city, renders the short space on Broadway, between Union and Madison Squares, very much crowded; and the evil is likely to increase as trade goes further up-town. There are very few costly buildings on either side of the street, and now is the time to widen it.

WINTER has closed Lake Champlain and the canals in the northern part of New York State. Snow is common throughout the North-Eastern States, and at Bangor, Me., sleighing is very good.

## OUR THEATRICAL FEUILLETON.

Of course the sensation of the week has been the reappearance of Madame Ristori as Marie Antoinette, at the French Theatre, whither she returned after a transient tour in the provinces, previous to her departure for Havana. She appeared for three times, on Monday and Tuesday evenings and at a matinee on Wednesday morning, in this character. It would be needless to say that the house was crowded upon each occasion, and that on Wednesday the matinee partook of that unpleasant character of *reunion* to which we ordinarily apply the name of a "jam." Ladies, young, pretty and fashionable, were elbowing each other everywhere. Some few of them, even, were at the side-scenes; they nodded to each other and the few muscades and goatees that were scattered at sparse intervals throughout the house; they chattered together, or flirted with the stray cavaliers they had chanced to capture, for two or three hours; in short, they enjoyed themselves in a perfect intention to the fashionable "star" of the hour. Nevertheless, Madame Ristori's Marie Antoinette was and is her greatest piece of acting. Perhaps, next to her Elizabeth, it is her finest character. As a study upon Historical Life it is undeniably accurate; and although, to a skeptical critic, it might be difficult to accord her the possession of genius in its development, it would be more than impossible to deny her the possession of talent of the very first order. In characterization and costume it is possibly the very best reflex of the age of Louis Seize which has ever been given us; and we are also compelled to compliment Madame Ristori upon the last respect, in the whole of the company which she has engaged for the purpose of supporting her. In the former respect we might possibly be less kind, were it not that it is the last chance upon which the aforesaid company will have the opportunity of courting critical opinion in this city; unless, indeed, Mr. Grau should by any possibility find that Madame Ristori has a few nights more to spare previous to her return to Europe, and should—such things have happened before—we will not say another word.

The two temples of legs and ankles, Niblo's Garden and Danvard's Museum, continue to draw their crowded

audiences, but the latter has recently, i.e., in the last week, added to its former attractions an unpronounceable word, the K-A-L-O-S-P-I-N-T-H-E-C-H-R-O-M-O-K-E-R-E-N-E. There! we defy the lingual utterance of the general reader to pronounce that. We have ourselves abandoned the task in sheer despair, but we went and saw it. We can only say that the K-A-L—but we will not run a second risk of mis-spelling the unpronounceable word—is a marvelously beautifully-arranged fountain, aboves through and beamed upon with colored lights. In fact, it is such a fountain as sparkled and laughed in living silver in the Eastern home of the Peris. But, in addition to the shimmering glories of the fountain, there are eyes, lips, legs and arms seen within its waves, which, necessarily, all the male spectators under the age of twenty or beyond that of fifty-five will go into raptures about. We seem to have some hazy remembrance of having seen a K—with all its unpronounceable letters, somewhere or other, previously attempted on the New York stage, but we are positively certain that we have never before seen the mystical loveliness of arms, lips, eyes and legs glancing and shimmering through any K—of the sort whatever.

But while we may laugh with the changeable and flickering beauties of Danvard's or Niblo's, we cannot but congratulate the purer and better taste of our city upon the way in which the Olympic is nightly crowded. After the manner in which Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" had once been brought out by the deceased actor and manager—an equally great and original man as either—Burton, it might have been considered savoring of impertinence for any manager to have undertaken the same task, especially one as young in life as the present manager of this theatre. Nevertheless, we must felicitate the tact and enterprise of Messrs. Hayes and Taylour, as well as the stage management of Mr. Fox, upon the thorough success which has crowned their efforts—efforts which have been made in the right direction. If we cannot have any but blood and thunder, or the last romance novelties—if we are never to have a purely original and effective American drama produced upon the American stage, in Heaven's name, let us have such old dramas produced as Wallack's gives us, or such a poetically pictorial dream as the present one at the Olympic. There is enough in it to find fault with, or discuss capriciously and critically, were we so inclined. But the play is so admirably placed upon the stage and rendered, for us to feel inclined to deal either captiously or critically with it. The first eulogy is due to Mr. Hayes, whose genius as a scenic artist has never before been so thoroughly developed, for to him we owe the stage tact and *finesse* which has been displayed in the construction and arrangement of the whole scenery. We do not impute to him the individual credit due to the artists who assisted in its production, but we unhesitatingly award him the largest and fullest proportion of praise for its very general perfection; while we accord Mr. Fox an equally warm eulogy for the care which he has displayed in the general presentation of the most poetical and various dream which the fates of Avon ever imagined and bequeathed to us. It is true that Mr. Fox's part, Bottom, is anything but poetical, but it is wondrously comic and humorous, and we cannot but admire and strongly upon some of the deprecatory criticisms which have been launched against it. In stigmatizing it as "broad and vulgar," the gentlemen who wrote them must have been conveniently forgetful of, or have never seen any other of the Bottoms with which the modern stage—that of the last fifty years—has been blessed. At the same time, while we speak of individuals, we must allude to Mr. Davidge and Miss Jefferson as members of the cast who deserve high praise. We might speak of the former as warmly as we do of Mr. Fox, had he been subjected to the same undeserved censure.

Greatly to the regret of those who patronize the opera, the "indomitable" Max was for a time compelled to succumb to a revolt of his chorus. It is useless for us to surmise who was in the right and who was in the wrong, although experience and analogy might induce us to form a very decided opinion. In the meantime New York had to suffer. It had no opera, and it had to wait for Pike. It did so, in the trust of welcoming back once more Anna De La Grange, the sweetest soprano, and most reliable artist, as well as Brignoli, the greatest favorite as a tenor, who have ever appeared in the United States. Moreover, it appears that the new Opera House which they are, it is understood, to consecrate to the deity of fiddling, is or will be a perfect marvel of comfort and elegance. It is no further from Fifth Avenue—the linear centre of New York fashion—than the Academy of Music. The fight between the two houses is a fair one. The one has no stockholders. The other has tradition—such as it is—to back it. Which will win?

At the French Theatre, Mademoiselle Tostee reappeared in "The Grand Duchesse de Gerolstein" on Thursday evening, and will continue in that seductive rôle until again indisposed.

Henry Ward Beecher's novel of "Norwood," in its dramatic shape, with the Worrell Sisters, has occupied the New York Theatre.

And this week we have to welcome a new and original English drama, named "Maud's Peril," at Wallack's, of which we shall speak at length in our next.

## ART GOSSIP.

THE Brooklyn Art Association is a very flourishing fraternity, of which Mr. Beads Gignoux is president. The first reception given by the society this season came off at the Brooklyn Academy on Tuesday evening, November 19th, and was signalized as well for the display of beauty and fashion present on the occasion as for the remarkably interesting collection of pictures placed on view. The Brooklyn Academy possesses many advantages as a rendezvous for such reunions. Owing to its space, the inconvenience of overcrowding is not a probable contingency, and much variety of arrangement is admitted by its architectural combinations. The collection of works of art in the galleries, on the occasion referred to, was one of unusual variety and excellence, comprising pictures from the easels of many of our best-known artists, as well as several meritorious specimens of plastic art. This was the eighth reception given by the Association. Among the guests there were a number of distinguished representatives of literature and art, and the conversation was marked for intellectual character and *éclat*.

Among the art books that have already made their appearance in advance of the holiday season, a very attractive one is the "Legend of St. Gwendoline," illustrated with eight photographs by Addis, from designs by J. W. Ehninger. The original drawings from which these photographs were taken are now on view in the exhibition of the Academy of Design. They are executed in chalk, a material in which Mr. Ehninger works with great facility and power. In his types of character the artist has been very successful, his personages being not only imbued with opulence of beauty and rank, but having around them a certain glamour of the mysticism that pervades the legend; and all this is conveyed also by the photographs, although to a limited extent. The book is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son.

Mrs. Dame, who works in plastic art in Gibson's Building, over Wallack's Theatre, displays much talent for works of the ideal and fanciful kind, though the artist has so seldom exhibited any of her productions, that they are as yet but little known to the public. Some of the *all-relievo* to be seen in her studio are charming in conception. Most of these are yet in the clay, and unfinished; but she has a medallion portrait in plaster, and a statuette of a lady, in both of which much power is evinced.

An excellent picture by Stammel has just been imported by Mr. Schaus, and is now on view in his Art Gallery. It represents the interior of a studio or exhibi-

tion room, in which a conspicuous object is a marble Venus of the Medicea pose. An old couple from the country have strayed into the gallery. The old man is lost in admiration of the graceful limbs and turns of the undraped figure; but the point of the picture is the prudery with which the old woman turns away from what she evidently considers to be a very improper spectacle.

In works of art the supply just now exceeds the demand, and it is long since artists had so much difficulty in disposing of their pictures as at present. The great amount of travel to Europe during the past season, and the large expenditure of money thus involved, has doubtless something to do with this. There is talk, now, among the artists, of getting up a combined sale of pictures, and of this we shall be in a position to say more by-and-by.

## OUR LONDON LETTER.

*Affairs in France—Abyssinia—A Live Gorilla—Assyrian Discoveries—Explorations in Asia Minor—The Poet Plastique in Good Society—Short Fore in London.*

FRANCE is making vast preparations for an extensive war: if she does not take care she will find herself with two foes in the field, Prussia and Italy, and will run the risk of being served as Austria was, when that effete military colossus went down with a crash at Sadova. Austria, however, is to be her ally; if so, Russia will reappear in Central Europe, and the war become a general one. But the moral prestige of France is gone; she no longer represents the enlightened advance of Europe, but the policy of the reaction. The ally of Austria—the defender of the Pope—the champion of the tattered States of the old German Bund, to stitch up a new Confederation of the Rhine—she has been received in solemn silence in Italy, and cries of hatred in Germany. All this will have a baneful effect in France itself, where considerable discontent already exists; and although a successful war might carry the empire over the bar, reverses would infallibly sink it to the bottom.

Here we are preparing for the Abyssinian expedition, the object of which is to rescue the captives; but the question has arisen, From whom? as King Theodore is fighting away with rebels, like the rest of the world, and the rebels may hold the captives. The mules, I hear, are all ready for embarkation at Alicante; but our officials, being innocent of the nature of mules, dispatched hay to feed that "recalcitrant" animal, when in Spain it is always gorged with barley, and in Egypt with beans, and will not touch a blade of dried grass, except under high pressure starvation! The expedition is to be accompanied by a naturalist and a savant to get specimens of natural history, copy inscriptions, and dig up whatever he can find there, which will probably not be much, however. They will "prospect" this land of "sable" Christianity.

At last they have obtained a gorilla. The sweet babe has been caught from its mother, who showed no maternal proclivities, and abandoned its darling to the African hunter. He treated it much as they do slaves in those parts—stuck a forked stick to its neck, and so led it to the coast. Now it is in European custody at Fernando Po, and its ultimate destiny is a cage in the Zoological Gardens. It is carefully and kindly treated, and enjoys the hospitality of berries and milk, on which it feeds. The only question is, is it really a gorilla, or a chimpanzee? When it arrives here that question will soon be decided. However, it is considered a great catch, and will prove a great attraction when it crosses safely the deep.

The scientific societies are recommending to hold meetings for the season, but nothing of great interest has transpired. Some points of Assyrian chronology are turning up, and there is one famous eclipse of B.C. 763, which settles a portion of the later dates of the empire. This will create some discussion as to the chronology of the Kings of Israel and Judah. It appears that Sennacherib invaded Judea B.C. 700, according to Assyrian statements. We shall see when the data are discussed.

Mr. G. W. Dennis, the well-known author of the "Sepulchres and Cemeteries of Etruria," and Vice-Consul at Perugia, where he excavated several of the ancient sepulchres of the cities of Perugia, Polmanas and other sites of the Etruscan with great success, is going to Asia Minor, on the look out for some "diggings." At the Cyrenaid he found many vases and terra-cottas, which enriched the Museum. The most interesting of these were certain prize vases given to victors in the Panathenaeic games at Athens, for their skill in boxing, leaping, wrestling, horse-racing, and disk hurling. Some of the vases had the names of the aetion, or annual Mayor of Athens, about the time of Alexander the Great, B.C. 340-330. They are of terra-cotta, and of elegant shape, with two handles and a graceful conical cover. Altogether, the haul of works of ancient art was not small for the Libyan coast. Smith and Porcher dug up five temples and statues enough to stock a museum, and Dennis ransacked all the old cemeteries. There is abundance to do in Asia Minor, so prolific in old remains. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, or the tomb of Sardanapallus at Tarsus, are alone worth a ratching out of the ground. That old voluptuary, who wrote for his epitaph, "Drink, play and flirt, for the rest is not worth this"—a snap of his fingers, which he was represented giving—has left a huge mound of stones to attest that important axiom, and unknown treasures of the past may be overlaid by the ruins of the present.

Appos of ancient art, a new kind of scientific charade was some time ago put into action at Berlin. Several ladies dressed themselves up like the statues of the Niobids, and stood as a *tableau vivant* in the same positions at a private party. The effect is said to have been admirable—*aesthetic* is the true term, because to the grouping of the sculpture was added the charm of life. Some years ago there were *poes plastiques* in London, but they soon degenerated into the vulgar, if not something worse, and were purely theatrical.

There is a great discussion here about butchers' bills, and all the world is grumbling and devouring; a little self-denial, such as was practiced among you, by adopting for a short time a more vegetable diet, would soon bring prices down. The fact is, population here is too great, of gold there is a plethora, and the difficulties of feeding that monster of cities, London, increase. Then the monster is dainty, and wants the best of everything. It exhausts everything; is eating up all the salmon, oysters, fish, flesh and fowl of half creation. The French cuisine has added the horse to its other dainties, such as the cat and the frog, and, in spite of acclimatization, there is no Eland venison to be obtained.

## Complimentary Dinner to Mr. Dickens.

Just before leaving London for the United States the novelist, Dickens, was the recipient of a "parting dinner" given by his fellow-authors and his admirers, over which Lord Lytton better known to us as Edward Lytton Bulwer, presided. In proposing the health of Mr. Dickens, Lord Lytton he said, alluding to the speedy departure of the guest of the evening:

"We are about to trust our honored countryman to the hospitality of those kindred shores in which his writings are as much household words as they are in

the homes of England. And if I may presume to speak as a politician, I should say that no time for his visit could be more happily chosen; for our American kinsfolk have conceived, rightfully or wrongfully, that they have some special cause of complaint against ourselves; and out of all England we could not have selected an envoy, speaking not in behalf of our Government, but of our people, more calculated to allay irritation and propitiate good will."

[Cheers.] In the matter of good will there is a distinction between us English and Americans which may for a time operate to our disadvantage; for we English insist upon claiming all Americans as belonging to our race, and springing from the same ancestry as ourselves, and hence the idea of any actual hostility between them and us shocks our sense of relationship. And yet in reality a large and a very active proportion of the American people derive their origin from other races besides that of the Anglo-Saxon. Germans and Dutch and Celtic forefathers combine to form the giant family of the United States. But there is one agency forever at work to cement all these varieties of origin, and to compel the American people, as a whole, to be proud as we are of their affinity with the English race. [Cheers.] What is that agency? Is it not that of our language in common with the two nations? [Cheers.] It is in the one mother tongue that their poets must stir, their philosophers must reason, and their orators must argue for truth or contend for power. Does not history show us that it is always through one language in common that differences of origin are welded together? Am I right when I say that that is the cause of cementing together all differences of origin, that is the cause why Etruscans and Oscans, and Sabines and Romans became one people, as Latins once as Italians now? Before not all ancestral differences in England between Briton and Saxon, and Dane and Norman, melted away? [Hear, hear.] And by the same omnipotent agency will not all differences of origin equally melt away in the nurseries of American mothers, extracting the earliest lessons for their children from our own English Bible, and in the schools of preceptors, who must resort to the same model of language whenever they bid their pupils rival the prose of Macaulay and Prescott, or emulate the verse of Tennyson and Longfellow? [Cheers.] Now it seems to me that nothing can more quickly the sense of that relationship which is the voice of a writer equally honored and beloved in the Old World and the New. [Cheers.] I cannot but think that wherever our American kinsfolk welcome that presence or hang spell-bound at that voice, they will irresistibly feel how much there is of fellowship and union between the hearts of America and England. [Cheers.] So that when our countryman quits their shores he will leave behind him many a new friend to that old fatherland which greets them through him so cordially in the accents of the mother tongue. [Cheers.] And in those accents what a sense of priceless obligation, personally to him, but through him to the land he represents, must steal over his American listeners! How many hours in which pain and sickness have changed into cheerfulness and mirth beneath the wand of his enchantment! [Cheers.] How many a hardy combatant, beaten down in the battle of life—and nowhere on this earth is the battle of life sharper than in the Commonwealth of America—has taken hope, and courage, and force from the many lessons of this unobtrusive teacher! [Cheers.] No wonder the rising generation of those who have learned to feel and to think in our language should eagerly desire to see face to face the man to whose genius, from their very childhood, they have looked for warmth and light as instinctively as young plants turn to the sun. [Cheers.] But I must not forget that it is not I whom you have to come to hear; and all that I could say, had I to vindicate the fame of our guest from disparagement or cavil, would seem but tedious commonplace when addressed to those who know that his career has passed beyond the career of contemporaneous criticism, and has found in the applause of foreign nations a foretaste of the judgment of posterity. [Cheers.]

To this graceful and complimentary speech Mr. Dickens replied very felicitously, concluding in these words:

"And now, passing to the immediate occasion of your doing me this great honor, the story of my going to America is very easily and briefly told. Since I was there before, a vast and entirely new generation has arisen in the United States. Since I was there before, most of the best known of my books have been written and published; the new generation and the books have come together and have kept together, until at length numbers of those who have so wisely and constantly read me, naturally desiring a little variety in the relationship between us, have expressed a strong wish that I should read myself. This wish, at first conveyed to me through public channels and business channels, has gradually become enforced by an immense accumulation of letters from individuals and associations of individuals, all expressing in the same hearty, homely, cordial, unaffected way a kind of personal interest in me—I had almost said a kind of personal affection for me [cheers], which I am sure you would agree with me it would be dull insensibility on my part not to prize. Little by little this pressure has become so great that, strike a terribly deep root, I have torn them from their places, and this day week, at this hour, shall be upon the sea. You will readily conceive that I am inspired, besides, by a natural desire to see for myself the astonishing change and progress of a quarter of a century over there, to grasp the hands of many faithful friends whom I left there, to see the faces of multitudes of new friends upon whom I have never looked, and last, not least, to use my best endeavor to lay down a third cable of intercommunication and alliance between the Old World and the New. [Loud cheers.] Twelve years ago, when heaven knows I little thought I should ever be bound upon the voyage which now reads before me, I wrote in that form of my writings, which obtains by far the most extensive circulation, these words of the American nation: 'I know full well, whatever little notes my beamy eyes may have described in theirs, that they are a kind, large-hearted, generous and great people. [Hear.] In that faith I am going to see them again; in that faith, I shall, please God, return from them in the spring, in that same faith to live and die. I told you in the beginning that I could not thank you enough, and heaven knows I have most thoroughly kept my word. [A laugh.] If I may quote one other short sentence from myself, let it imply all that I have left unsaid, and yet most deeply felt. Let it, putting a girle round the earth, comprehend both sides of the Atlantic at once in this moment, and say, as Tiny Tim observes, 'God bless us every one.' [Loud and continued cheers.]

## Raffling for Poultry on Thanksgiving Eve.

THROUGHOUT the country, raffling for poultry is a common evening's amusement during the winter, from Thanksgiving Day to New Year's Eve. In the illustration on our front page, all the elements necessary to the full enjoyment of the game—if game it can be called—are depicted. Look at the self-satisfied air of the bare-headed individual at the end of the table. He is evidently the master of ceremonies. He is the man who offers a fine fat turkey, twelve pounds weight, only fifty cents a throw. The man who has just thrown the dice, with the unfortunate result of only five, is as much disgusted with the result as the other inmates are delighted. Such a misfortune seldom finds sympathy, and they will probably urge him to invest another half dollar to try to better his fortune. The loungers of the country-store are the patrons of this sport, and a lucky fellow may carry home turkey enough to set up a poultryer's stand by an evening's steady attention to business. An orthodox deacon, having been beguiled into the game by too large a bump of acquiescence, was so fortunate as to win three large turkeys. On going home with his plunder, his wife asked him where he got them, and what they cost, thereby puzzling the good man very much. After long cogitation and many evasive answers, he satisfied her scruples by solemnly assuring her that the *Shakers* gave them to him.



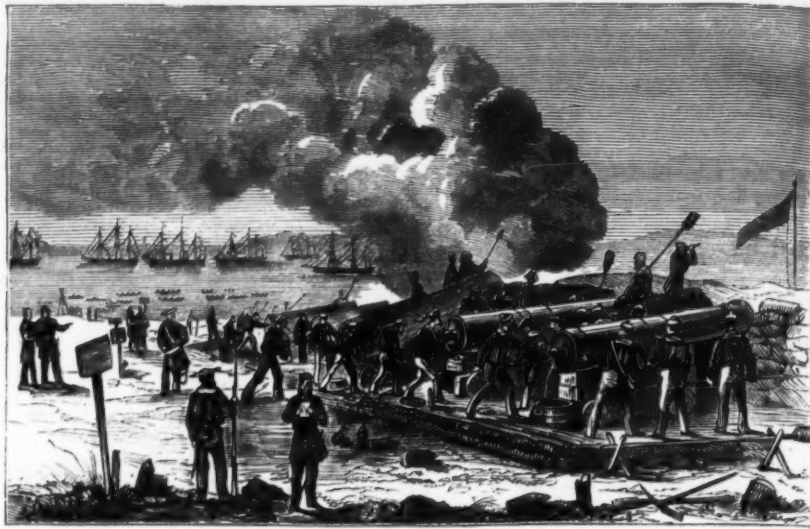
## The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ELEPHANT HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA—THE CHARGE.

H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, Elephant Hunting in South Africa. Prince Alfred the Sailor, of England, is paying a series of visits to the different colonies of the United King-

The hunters sent out a mounted Hottentot boy to beat the bush for game, when suddenly he came upon one bull-elephant, looking sullen and ferocious as he stood there alone amid the scrub. The elephant, the moment

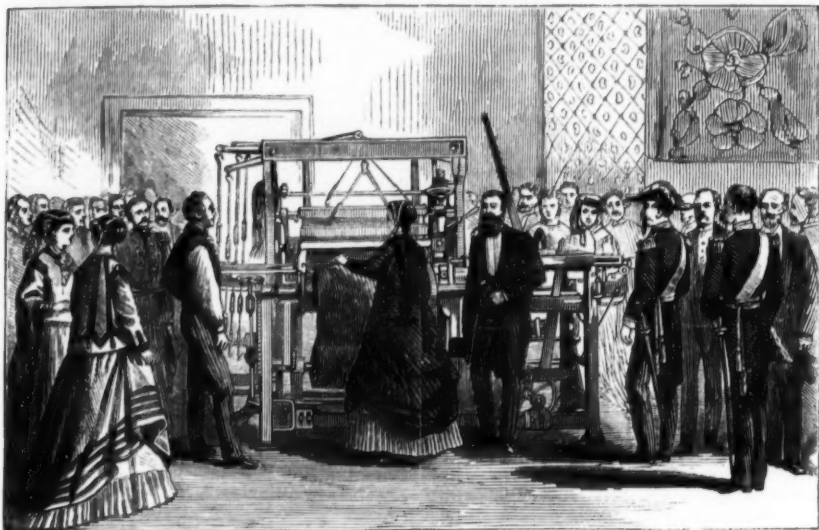


SIEGE BATTERY DRILL AT HYERES, IN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

party were standing, shouting out, at the top of his voice, "O God, O God! shoot, shoot!" The Prince, however, with the utmost coolness, waited until the elephant came within twenty yards of him. One shot, and then

## The Empress of the French Weaving Tapestry.

The late excursion of the Emperor and Empress through the northern part of France, took them to the



THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH WEAVING TAPESTRY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.



THE VALENTIA MINSTRELS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



THE GARIBALDIANS AT BAGNOREA, IN THE ROMAN STATES.

dom in H. M. S. Galates. The subject of our first engraving is an elephant hunt which took place in his honor in South Africa, about 350 miles from Cape Town.

he saw the boy, charged at full speed, gaining upon him rapidly every instant, while the boy, in the utmost terror, rode toward the spot where the Prince and his



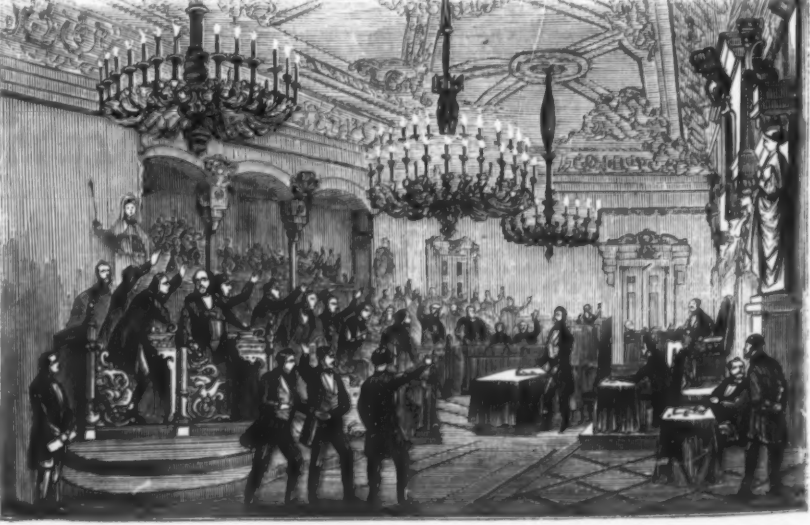
THE OCTOBER FESTIVAL AT MUNICH, BAVARIA.

another, made the brute swerve; a volley of half a dozen balls followed, and a final ball behind the ear from an elephant-gun brought the monster instantly to earth.

town of Tourcoing, near Lille, where are situated some of the largest carpet-weaving mills. After the conventional reception the Imperial party made a tour

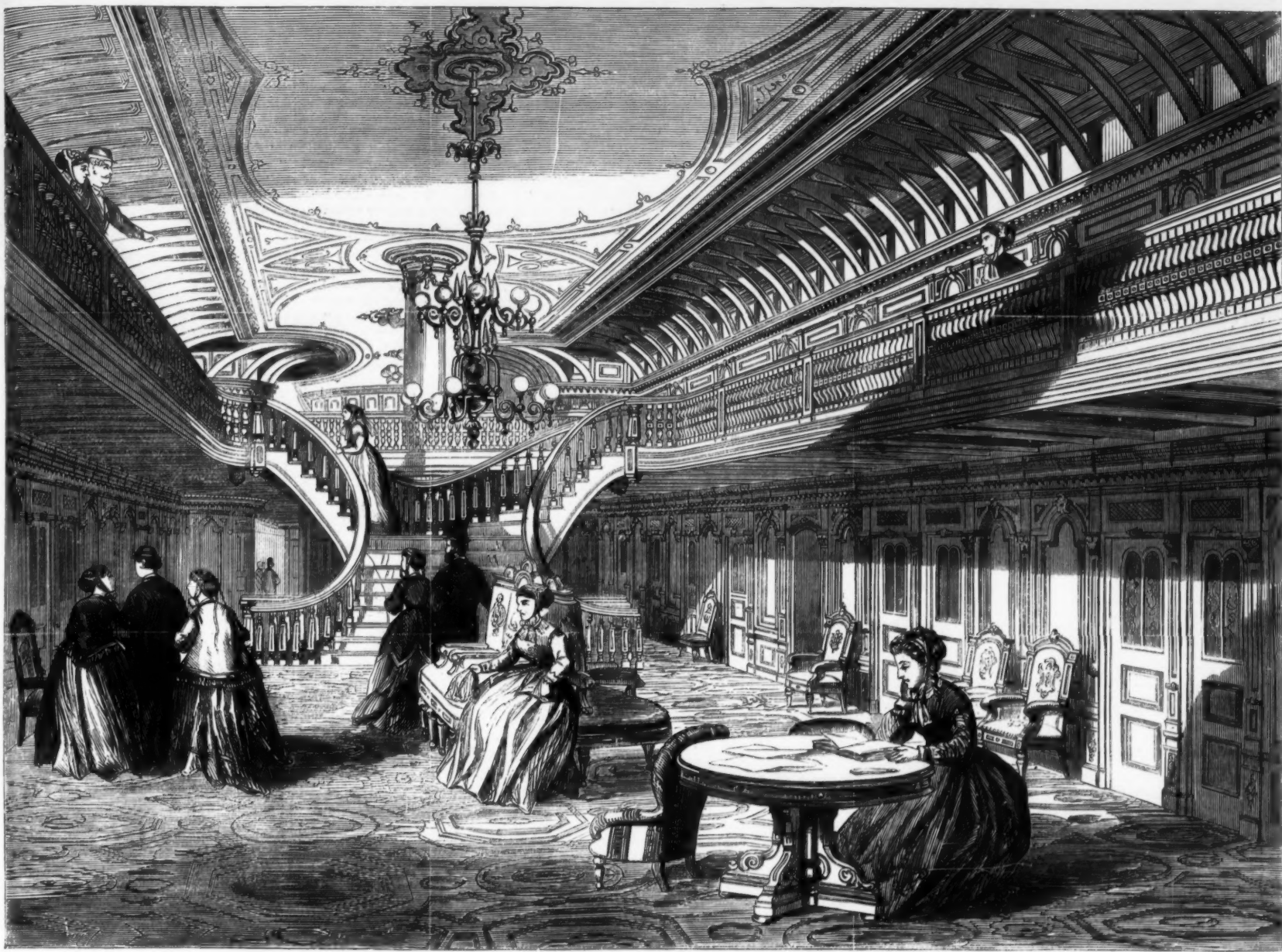


REVIEW OF THE FRENCH TROOPS IN HONOR OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—FRANCIS JOSEPH COMPLEMENTING GEN. CANROBERT ON THEIR APPEARANCE.



THE DELEGATES OF THE CITIZENS OF VIENNA PASSING THE RESOLUTION AGAINST THE CONCORDATE, OCT. 8.





THE GRAND SALOON OF THE STEAMSHIP BRISTOL, OF THE NARRAGANSETT LINE.

through the works, much interested in the machinery of the looms. The Empress, in order the better to understand a loom that was weaving a complicated pattern, set the loom in motion and stopped it again. This act of condescension has so affected the owners of the mills that a suitable inscription detailing the circumstance has been affixed to the machine, and it is to be regarded with honor henceforth. All of which is wonderful.

#### The Garibaldians at Bagnorea, Papal States.

On the occasion of the late invasion of the Papal States by the Garibaldians, a force of 1,200 men under the command of Major Ghirelli passed the Tuscan frontier at Acquapendente, and thence beyond Viterbo to Bagnorea, a little unfrequented village on the hills, where they were welcomed by the peasants and gained a few recruits. During their stay of several days the women of the surrounding country brought in vegetables, fruits and eggs, and exposed them for sale with the best possible feeling of amity and good will to the brave followers of Garibaldi. The efforts of Ghirelli to fire the minds of the Roman peasants with hatred to the priests were not very successful, and he finally joined Menotti Garibaldi at Correse on the high road to Rome.

#### Review of the French Troops in Honor of the Emperor of Austria.

The Austrian Emperor, during his visit to Paris, was entertained by a review of the Imperial Guard, and a portion of the First Corps d'Armée, comprising in all fifty-seven battalions of infantry, fifty-seven squadrons of cavalry, and sixteen batteries of artillery. The infantry and cavalry passed in review in columns of regiments, the artillery two batteries abreast. After the first passing in review, the cavalry changed direction, head of column to the right, and passing into a trot and gallop, repressed at a Charge, shouting *Vive l'Empereur*. After the review Francis Joseph complimented Marshal Canrobert on the precision of the manoeuvres of this body of 50,000 men, which scene forms the subject of our illustration.

#### Siege Battery Drill at Hyeres in the Mediterranean Sea.

The Count de Guédon, Admiral of the French fleet lying in the roadstead of Hyères, a French port on the Mediterranean, varied the dull routine of the sailor's duties by a drill of an unusual character, last month. At the signal each vessel of the squadron detached a steam tender of light draft having on board a rifled six-inch howitzer with the necessary material, bags of sand, etc., and the complement of men for the work, which ran directly for the island of Hyères until they were beached. Then by the aid of sheers, the heavy material was disembarked, and in four hours a siege battery was completed and ready to open fire. In four hours more, the spot where the fort stood was as bare as the desert of Sahara, all the materials having been removed again to the ships. Our illustration shows the battery as completed.

#### The Valencia Minstrels at the Paris Exhibition.

The Paris correspondents of our daily papers have kept us well informed of the various wonderful things to be seen at the Exhibition, and few of them have omitted to give an account of the Japanese minstrels. Our engraving shows minstrelsy of a very different and vastly more pleasing character. The Spanish are famous

for their skill in the use of their national instrument, the guitar, and these two minstrels were not bad interpreters of the true *hidalgo* style of playing and singing their passionate serenades and romances. Indeed they fairly shared the attentions of the passers-by with the beautiful dark-eyed señoritas who served the edibles and bibbles of that little nook of Spain in France.

#### The October Festival in Munich.

In remembrance of the marriage of the Crown Prince Ludwig of Bavaria with the Princess Therese of Saxe-Altenburg on the 12th day of October, 1810, the citizens of Munich, the capital of Bavaria, have annually a great horse-race and agricultural fair on that day. The King of Bavaria distributes on this occasion the prizes, etc.

#### The Delegates of the Citizens of Vienna Passing the Resolution Against the Concordate.

In 1857, the Emperor of Austria entered into negotiations with the Pope, concerning the government of the universities and schools of Austria by the Roman Catholic clergy. The result of this negotiation was the "Concordate" by which the powers of the priests were greatly extended all through Austria and her dependencies. The non-Catholics looked upon this "Concordate" with jealous eyes, and have succeeded in raising such an animus against it that on October 8th last the delegates of the city of Vienna passed a resolution declaring the "Concordate" to be subversive of the freedom of thought and freedom of the press, and requesting that the Imperial Government would revoke it.

#### The Steamship Bristol, of the Narragansett Line.

THE NARRAGANSETT line is a new line established last summer on the route between New York and Boston by way of Bristol. The advantage of making Bristol the terminus of the line, is, that the time spent on the boat is about an hour and a half more than on the other lines, so that in going to Boston this extra time can be spent in bed, and on the return trip it affords an opportunity of taking supper while in the smooth water of the river before entering upon the open Sound. The time consumed in making the trip by this line is rather less than by any of the others.

Our illustration represents the saloon of the Bristol. This vessel, with the Providence, now perform the daily service of the line, leaving either terminus of the route every alternate day. They are the finest and strongest of the kind ever built. As will be seen from our illustration, the saloon accommodation is most spacious and magnificent. Nor is it only an outside luxury of finish which commends them to the traveling public, but the completeness and thoroughness which has been carried out in every department makes them as safe and as convenient as it is possible for vessels to be. Every timber, from the keel to the spars, has been prepared and fitted under the personal supervision of Captain J. Williams, whose name is a guarantee to that large public who know him personally that no care or labor has been spared in making the vessels perfect.

The dimensions and arrangements of both these boats are near enough alike to make a description of one of them serve for both. The following measurements of the Bristol will give an idea of her size and capacity. She measures on the keel 360 feet, and 373 on deck. Her breadth of beam is 48 feet 4 inches, and on the guards 83 feet 6 inches. Her depth is 16 feet 4 inches, and she can accommodate 1,000 passengers, having 240 state-rooms, with 540 berths, and provision for supplying any excess with cots. Her freight measurement is 3,000 tons, and her engine, one of the largest walking-beams ever built, has a power of 2,800 horses.

As no care or expense has been spared in making these vessels at once the sturdiest and most luxurious afloat, we desire to give the fullest credit to those who have by their skill and industry contributed toward making them so perfectly successful in these respects.

Under the supervision of Captain Williams, the work



THE LATE FITZGEREEN HALLECK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 182.



In all the departments has been done in the most thorough and complete manner; so that the passenger, while strolling in any of the luxuriously furnished and brilliantly lighted saloons, or sleeping in the airy and commodious state-rooms, is not conscious that the vessel is under way even while she is plowing through the waves propelled with all the force of her gigantic engines, since so solidly and strongly is she built that there is no jar, even at full speed. The arrangements for the accommodation of the passengers are conceived in so liberal a spirit, the saloons are so spacious and handsome, the state-rooms and beds so commodious, the smoking-rooms, the dining-room, the deck, the ladies' rooms, are all so admirably arranged, that one of the pleasantest ways of spending a week in the enjoyment of the sea air would be to travel backward and forward for that time upon one of these boats. Nor would it be one of the least advantages of so doing that the cost would be less than that of spending the same time at any fashionable watering-place, while the change of scene would be greater, and the accommodation better.

Nor are the comforts of the inner man overlooked; the kitchens are furnished with every appliance, and the service is placed under experienced hands, leaving nothing to be desired. The command of the Bristol by Captain Braxton, and the Providence by Captain Simmons, both of them experienced men in their profession, and both having been formerly in command of vessels on the Fall River Line, leaves no chance for fear for the safety of these boats, and justifies the confidence which the public have already displayed in their patronage of the Narragansett Line.

#### FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK was born on the 8th of July, 1795, in Guilford, Conn. Mr. Halleck's relatives, on his mother's side, were descendants from John Eliot, the well-known Indian missionary and translator of the Bible into the Indian language. At the age of eighteen he removed to New York city, and was employed as clerk by Jacob Barker, the well-known banker. He next entered the commission business, dealing in Southern produce; and finally accepted a position of trust from the late millionaire, John Jacob Astor, which he held until the death of that gentleman. Upon the endowment of the Astor Library, he was named by Mr. Astor as one of the trustees of the institution, which post he held until his death. In 1849 he returned to his native town, where, in the retirement of a pleasant home, he calmly passed the remainder of his days.

Mr. Halleck was a poet of remarkable genius; but his reputation rests principally upon a few poems, the best of which is probably "Marco Bozzaris." But the most remarkable feature in his poems is their versatility. Satire, elegies, martial lyrics, narrative and humor were to be found in his pieces, each so happily confined to its own sphere, that two of different style scarcely seemed to be the production of the same mind. In this respect he was fully the equal of Byron, and perhaps a superior, for he was not possessed of that morbidness of mind which distinguished the great poet, and gave to all of his productions a sameness which very often marred their beauty and imagery. But even where Mr. Halleck's verses lacked in vigor of thought, the defect was fully made up by their beautiful language, their general sweetness, and, to use the words of one of his contemporaries, "liquid smoothness."

At his home, in Guilford, Mr. Halleck was very fond of gathering his friends around him; possessing a vast fund of conversational humor, and speaking several languages, his *salons* were always sought with eagerness and attended with pleasure.

Though a native of the United States and educated here, Mr. Halleck was not a Republican or a Democrat, never casting a vote or taking interest in the elections, because his belief was, that where the elements of monarchy and aristocracy exist and hold power, independent of party influences, a better and more practical government is found. During the late civil war, however, Mr. Halleck sympathized with the Northern armies most heartily, and rejoiced at their victories. "For," said he, "it will cure the South of the crime of slavery, and the folly of State sovereignty."

Smooth, unruffled and happily the last years of the poet were spent. On the 8th of July last he attained the advanced age of seventy-two, and, as he had been for some time past looking for the advent of the hour when he would no longer exist on earth, death did not come upon him unawares. But even the fact that he had passed the allotted age of man cannot blunt the general regret with which the announcement of his death will be received. There are thousands living who loved to read his productions, and who will hear with sorrow that the pen of their favorite poet will no longer be inspired by his genius; and there is a large number of intimate friends and associates of years long since gone that will mourn his departure from among us as the snapping of a link in the chain of friendship very dear to all.

He died at Guilford, in his own house, on the 19th of November, 1867, aged seventy-two years, four months and eleven days.

THE cold weather admonishes of the approach of winter, with its varied sports, and the stores decked out with new and beautiful articles for winter wear warn the *paterfamilias* of a probable drain on his pocket. The lady *statists* will find something new in the skater's muff, which unites in one convenient article of dress a pocket-book, a warm muff, and a small traveling-bag. The styles and prices vary to suit the pockets of all, and we can safely predict a large sale for what must become a popular article of costume. A new and complete skating costume is to be presented to the ladies in a few days, which, though somewhat expensive in material, will probably become the favorite attire during the ensuing season. The skirt will be made of ordinary ladies' cloth, of a Bismarck brown, or a bright green color, cut similar to the Gabrielle dress, looped up on the left side, and fastened to the waist by a fur bow. This will be worn over a brilliant red petticoat, ornamented with small folds of dark colored ribbon. Both skirts will be cut quite short, and besides presenting a charming appearance, will facilitate the graceful motion of the ladies while upon their skates. The paletot is of the same material and color as the skirt, with short sleeves and a high fur collar, and will be trimmed with narrow bands of Chinchilla fur. A round turban bound with fur, and a cloth muff corresponding in color and trimming with the paletot, complete the costume.

We should familiarize ourselves with the names of places in our new north-western possessions. For instance, the peninsula is not Alaska but A-l-i-a-s-ka. The town of Sitka is on Ba-ron-of Island. The Indians near the place are the Ka-lash tribe. The long string of rocks running almost to Siberia are the A-l-u-t-i-an Islands; the largest of which rejoices in the name of O-un-s-l-a-ka. There is an active volcano called She-shal-din-sky, and one that has gone out, by the name of T-e-a-m-e-t-ky. The principal river of the country is the You-kon (meaning great or superior stream), and the Indians on its borders are the You-kon-ik-a-lan-a, or men of the Youkon. Among the streams running into this one we note the Ta-na-na (called by the English *Gens des Buttes*), the Ko-sou-kah, and the Ta-kut-sky. The mouths of the Youkon are Koo-sil-eak, and Kwich-pak; and there is a point on the Youkon of neutral ground, where the Indians come to trade, which rejoices in the spelling of Nak-la-kan-ye.

#### TWO SIDES.

"He's but a man!" she said, and smiled, And ran her fingers like a child Among the clusters of her curls; "He'll never love me long, Nor even very strong."

Men never care for pretty girls Much longer than their beauty lasts, And when that fades, and sorrow casts Its shadow o'er their faces, Oh then they all so weary grow, And very shortly learn to know, The way to fill their places."

"I'm but a man!" he said; "yet I Can love you, foolish butterfly, With love so deep, and love so true, That I should count it bliss To be a chrysalis, If only I might shelter you. I may not care for pretty girls When frosts of Time fall on their curls, And sorrow dims their faces, But I shall care for this true heart, Within mine own so set apart In holiest of places."

"Ah, then," she said, and softly smiled, "What shall I say? I'm such a child, And never shall grow up to you, You'll wish your butterfly Was stronger by-and-by, And could take eagle flights with you." "I'll lower my lofty flight," he said; "While summer skies bend overhead, And we have summer weather, Your odorous wings shall strengthen mine, And Love's sweet sun shall o'er us shine Forever and forever."

#### The Haunted Room.

THE house stood just without the entrance of the village—a fine old house, situated on a gently sloping lawn, and surrounded by a number of magnificent trees, which cast deep, cool shadows about it. Very pleasant it looked on that warm day of early May when we took possession of it for the summer—my brother and his wife, with their three children, and I, the bachelor uncle, with nothing particular to do this summer, except recruit my health in the pure air of these mountain regions.

I, who had engaged the house for our summer rustication, had been surprised at the low terms of rent, as well as at the alacrity of the agent in making repairs and improvements, of which, to say the truth, it stood sadly in need. For six years it had been without a tenant, except the old couple who preserved the place from trespassers in consideration of free rent.

It was only after taking possession that we learned the explanation of these things. The house was *haunted*.

"Haunted?" said I, with a rather contemptuous smile, to my informant, a small tradesman of the village. "Haunted by what, or by whom?"

"So they say," was his response, with a shrug, though at the same time a doubtful, meditative look. "Mr. Stephen Bucklaw built that house when I was a boy, just two-and-twenty years ago. He was a reserved and unsocial man, of violent, and, I believe, uncontrolled temper and passions—a hard, cruel man to deal with. I remember when he brought a young and pretty wife home to that house, in less than a year after the death of his first wife. She married him for his money, it was said. Pretty soon there began to be some talk about her riding and walking so much with a young man to whom she had formerly been engaged, and who came now and then on a brief visit, in company with others, for they had much company then at the house. Once he came alone, and it was while Mr. Bucklaw was away from home; he returned home, I think, the very day after the gentleman—Powers was his name—had left the house. How he had left, or at what time, no one seemed ever exactly to know. The rumor was that he had gone off hurriedly in the night, having heard that the master was to be home early in the morning. No one saw him go. He was from away down South—somewhere about New Orleans; and some months after this our minister got a letter from his friends, inquiring if anything were known about him, as he had not been seen or heard from since he left R—— to visit Mr. Bucklaw's. That was the last we heard of young Mr. Powers. And the next thing was that Mrs. Bucklaw was deranged. How this was I don't know, for nobody knew the secrets of that house; but it's certain that she either jumped out of a window or fell out by accident and was killed. Then Bucklaw sold the place and disappeared. We've heard since of his death in England. Lawyer Jamieson bought the house, and he lived there with his family two years, when his wife got in a dreadful state about sounds she had heard—strange voices and footsteps; and he sold out to Mr. Garthwright. In less than a year they got in the same way. Nobody would buy the house then; but Dr. Gray rented it for one year—a good man, a sound, practical, common-sense man—who had no more faith in ghosts than you have. But he hadn't been there two months when the same story got abroad. The doctor said he'd investigate the matter. 'Twas his son and himself who had heard the noises, and they insisted it could be accounted for on natural principles. They made a thorough search from garret to cellar, but the only explanation they found was—a man's skeleton *reclined up in the cellar closet*!"

These words were spoken very slowly and deliberately, and emphasized solemnly, as he fixed his eyes searchingly upon me, as though to say, "Now, sir, what do you think of that?" "Very singular," was my answer to the unspoken inquiry. "Was it the cellar said to be haunted?" "Why, no; though one would naturally suppose so. But I've heard that there was only one room

in the house, Dr. Gray's study, where the sounds had ever been heard, the little bit of a room at the end of the long hall, on the ground floor. No doubt it was *there* the murder was committed."

Now that "little bit of a room" was the very apartment I had chosen for my own special sanctum and retreat from the interruption of visitors and the noise of the children. A long wing of the building jutted from the back of the house into a retired portion of the garden, where grew a huge weeping-willow. This wing had consisted of three rooms, a parlor, dining-room and sort of pantry, or store-room at the furthest end. The two former had been thrown into a single long and narrow saloon for dancing, and for a picture-gallery, when Mr. Bucklaw brought home his gay young wife. The subsequent tenants had not occupied it, as it was too spacious for any convenient purpose, and there was plenty of room besides. But Dr. Gray, attracted, doubtless, like myself, by the seclusion and the cool quiet of the smaller room, in summer delicious with the green, fresh shade of the willow, which drooped over its roof and curtained its large windows, had chosen it as his study. And this was the apartment said to be haunted.

I paid little attention to this circumstance, but passed many a drowsy summer day's noon and cool, dreamy twilight, seated at the open window of my little "den," as it was called by the family, either reading or writing, for I was at that time contributor to several periodicals.

I had a lounge brought into this room, and placed in the only practicable position—against the wall facing the door communicating with the empty gallery or saloon. Thus placed, the foot of the lounge was beneath a queer little triangular cupboard inserted in the angle diagonally opposite the door, and therefore out of view of the saloon—only a portion of the bare, blank wall being visible from this point. The cupboard was empty.

One evening as it became too dusk to read, I placed my closed book on the window-sill, and reclined back on the lounge. A soft, scarcely perceptible dreamy murmur of leaves filled the apartment. Suddenly, as I lay, this sound was broken by another. Close at my head, and behind me, was the rustle of a silk dress, so distinctly heard that I sharply turned my head to see who it was that had stolen upon me unawares. But the room was vacant; no one was there.

I recollected then, with a sort of shiver, what I had been told about the mysterious noises in this room. I sat some moments, looking carefully around—listening for a repetition of them—but in vain. All was still as before. And finally, when some days, indeed some weeks, had passed without a repetition of the circumstance, I concluded that it had been a mere fancy of mine—or else, perhaps, the rustling of the willow branches without the window.

"Certainly it could have been nothing else," I said to myself, as I lay one afternoon, thinking over the circumstances, and listening to the murmur of the breeze in the willow-branches; "a mere fancy."

Was it a mere fancy that, at that instant, and as if in reply to my remark, a low, half-smothered laugh breathed in my ears? A woman's laugh, and the faint, indistinct murmur of a woman's voice, dying away, as though the speaker, whoever or whatever she might be, were passing by me and out of the room? What wonder that, strong man though I was, a cold chill should have run through my veins at that sound?

I told my brother-in-law of it, who laughed also.

"I'll sleep there to-night, Archie," he said, "and see, or rather hear for myself. I have a great curiosity to know something, experimentally, about these mysteries."

He did sleep there that night, and I kept him company; but as usual when ghosts are watched for, they didn't come. Another night, about a week after, we were compelled again to make this apartment our sleeping room, by reason of a party of visitors from the city, who were detained all night by a rain-storm. We had forgotten the ghosts, and shortly after hearing Braxton's regular breathing, I too fell into a sound slumber.

I was awakened by some one's hand laid firmly upon my shoulder, in the darkness.

"Who is it? what is the matter?" I cried, starting up.

"Hush! Listen!" said Braxton's voice, in a whisper.

There was a breathless silence.

"Do you hear?"

"No—nothing but the wind and the rain."

"Hush!"

Still only the wind and the rain. Braxton rose, and groping for the matches, struck a light. He was quite pale.

"What did you hear?" I inquired.

"A step—a footstep, twice—and then—a curse!"

"A woman's voice?"

"No; a man's voice, and a man's step."

"You were dreaming."

"As I once thought you dreaming. But I tell you, Archie, I could not be mistaken in this. I was awakened by it first, and then heard it again, while you, too, were listening."

"And yet I heard nothing."

"Strange! But the step and the voice were quite loud, though as it were smothered. And there was something, too, like a person stumbling or falling."

He told me all this under his breath, while at the same time we both looked closely and searchingly around. Then taking the lamp we searched the whole room carefully, sounding the walls and examining the cupboard. There was nothing, however, to excite our suspicion, or to offer a solution of the mystery.

We said nothing to any one of these things, yet neither of us again occupied that room at night, though I retained it as my haunt during the day.

Some weeks again passed, without any thing occurring to disturb me.

Early in September I received a letter informing me of the illness of a friend to whom I was much attached. The illness was dangerous, and I concluded to go to him—starting in the mail-coach that would leave next morning at sunrise. My sister promised to have my valise in readiness, and very much depressed in spirits, I retired to my little room and lay down upon the lounge. "Poor Courtenay!" I said, unconsciously aloud, "if he should die without my seeing him—"

"Dead!" said a voice, solemnly, in my ear. With something very much like a shock, I sprang up. A cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead. This at least was no fancy, for never had I heard any sound more distinct than that awful word, whispered so close and so solemnly in my very ear.

I did not go on my intended journey next morning. The conviction was firm upon my mind that that mysterious voice had spoken truth, and that my friend was indeed passed away from this world. And so indeed it proved, for the next mail brought me intelligence of his decease. The puzzling circumstance was, however, that he had died some hours *after* that mysterious communication to me.

Braxton now determined to leave the house, although the period originally fixed for our stay had not expired. I was quite willing to go. That there was something inexplicable about the house, we now did not doubt. We could not by any means attribute what had come to our knowledge to human agency, and must it not, therefore, appertain to something supernatural? Others had had the same experience with ourselves. Was there not, possibly, after all, some *truth* in these things?

Three days before that of our intended departure, my sister (whom we had kept in happy ignorance of what had so troubled us), carefully packed her silver, jewelry, and other valuable articles in a box to take in the carriage with us, fearing to trust it with the other baggage. I was present in the breakfast-room as she thus occupied herself, and when the task was completed and the box secured, she directed the servant—a large, brawny Irish woman, named Molly Leary—to place the box behind the door, where it would be out of the way, and convenient to move.

"Pity you've been in such a hurry, Lucy," said Braxton, entering. "I've just met our old friend, Professor D——, at the village 'hotel,' and he has promised to stop a day with us. You'll want your silver."

Lucy was somewhat vexed. "It is all packed so carefully," she said. "But I suppose it will have to be undone. At what time does he come?"

"Not till to-morrow, after breakfast. He had an engagement for this evening."

"Then to-morrow will do for the unpacking."

I sauntered lazily out of the room with my cigar, and the papers Braxton had brought from the post-office, and stretched myself in my usual place, on the lounge in my "den," for the enjoyment of both.

The papers were dull and the cigar soporific. Beneath the twofold influence I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was quite dark. I wondered that no one had called me. Supper must be over by this time. And then I had a vague consciousness that some one *had* spoken to me.

In a half-awake, half-bewildered state, I lay still, endeavoring to collect my wandering senses. And then it was, while I lay in this position, listening, and scarcely conscious of my whereabouts, that I heard a voice at my side:

"Half-past one, when the moon is down. Be watchful!"

Clearly, distinctly, was it spoken, yet in the same half-smothered or subdued tone that I remembered. These words could not have been uttered except by some person near me—mortal or spirit. The former was impossible; the latter—and I confess that at the thought my senses roused themselves fully, and as I groped my way out of the room in the semi-darkness, it was with a very unpleasant sensation of invisible eyes gazing upon me—an invisible form following me.

"We'll see if there's anything in it," said my brother-in-law. "We will sit up and watch to-night; for I confess that these things are strange, and past my comprehension."

When the clock struck one that night, we two sat at the window of my chamber, looking out upon the lawn, and seeing the moon sink slowly to the verge of the hills behind which she must soon be hidden. All was quite still; not even a breath among the foliage broke the silence.

"Half-past one!" said Braxton at length, striking his repeater. And we both listened and watched intently. Still not a breath or a sound. "Pshaw! what a couple of fools we are!" said he, in a tone of mingled vexation and amusement. "Sitting here past midnight, watching for ghosts. A pretty story, truly!"

"Hush!"

I had heard the sound before, indistinctly. I was certain of it now—the faint creaking of a door-latch in the rooms below. Braxton heard it also. Without speaking, we arose and crept cautiously to the head of the stairs.

Again the creaking—then a footstep—heavy but cautious.

"Burglars!" said Braxton.

Although I had shuddered at the thought of an invisible being near me, I had no fear of the visible and palpable, and neither was Braxton a coward. Armed with revolvers, we crept softly down-stairs. Some one was moving in the breakfast-room—two persons—for we heard a whisper, and then a dark figure showed indistinctly in the gloom of the hall.

"Stand!" cried Braxton, firmly.

Something heavy dropped with a loud crash, and a metallic sound to the floor, and the figure made a headlong rush to the head of the kitchen.



stairs. I fired then, and the report was answered by a loud shriek from the breakfast-room.

"It is the woman, Molly Leary!" She, indeed, it was, whom I now grappled with; she at first fought with the fierceness and almost the strength of a wild cat. Finally she was overpowered and secured, and a light being produced, we found an explanation of the affair in the box of silver which lay on the floor of the hall.

She made a full confession next day. She had a husband, a desperate character, to whom she had communicated the intelligence of the box. He had called to speak to her on that evening, about dark, when it so happened that Braxton and his wife were at a neighbor's, whither they had stepped over before tea; and the children gone to bed. I was, as I have mentioned, asleep on the lounge of the little room—and it had been owing to this delay of Lucy and her husband that tea had been kept back and my untimely slumbers protracted. Molly Leary had fancied me also absent, and in the darkness of the deserted house had taken her husband upstairs, and pointed out to him the position of the coveted box. She was, of course, to appear entirely ignorant of, and innocent in the affair, while the man and an accomplice were to spirit away the property securely into the hills. All this we learned from her own confession. And then I told my story, in presence of Dr. Gray and Professor B—, who were that day dining with us; in presence also of the convicted culprit—Molly Leary.

"Where were you when you heard these words?" inquired the doctor, anxiously.

I explained my position, lying on the lounge, the head of which was beneath the triangular cupboard in the corner of the little room, furthest from the door.

"Precisely!" said the doctor, in a tone full of meaning; "it was just there that my own sofa stood—the only practicable place for such an article of furniture—and it was there, and there alone, that I was ever conscious of those strange and inexplicable sounds which gave to that apartment its reputation of being haunted."

"An' sure thin," broke in Molly, incredulously, and seeming to but half comprehend our discourse, "an' sure thin, how is't ye could hear intil the little room, an' me an' Jemmie away crass the hall and thin two big impty rooms? Faix an' it's quare hearin' an' sharp ears yez has intirely."

"You and Jemmie?" "Musha thin, 'twas Jemmie's self said, 'One o'clock, when the moon goes down. Be watchful! I meanin' I was to kape good watch at the kitchen' winder, as I did. An' ye purtend to heard it, an' ye asleep in the little room, an' us abint the stairs in the corner o' the hall. Go 'way wid yez!' added she, contemptuously.

We made her show us exactly where Jemmie had stood when these words were spoken. And then the professor took his position on the lounge, precisely as I had occupied it, and from the standing-point in the hall (an obscure, out of the way recess, where no one had occasion to go for any purpose), I spoke to him, at first in a loud tone of voice, then in a whisper, and across the hall and the long empty echoing saloon he heard the words distinctly repeated, as it were close to his ear.

We tried it in turn, and the result was the same. We changed positions, but this was fatal to the effect. Nowhere, except precisely in these two places, could the sound be repeated and heard. The shifting of even an inch or two made the difference.

Then the professor examined the position and structure of the walls, attentively and scientifically, and having thoroughly satisfied himself, explained to us the mystery. Like most such mysteries, it had its existence in natural causes. I need not, and indeed I could not if I would, give the subject in detail and scientifically as he did. Suffice it to say that the whole mystery resolved itself into an effect of that singular principle in acoustics produced by a peculiarity in the echo and transmutation of sounds, and in which a sound produced at one spot is faithfully repeated at another distant point, and at that point alone.

With this explanation and understanding of the subject, I could easily account for the sounds which had at first so startled me; the rustling of the silk dress which my sister sometimes wore; the laugh from some person accidentally for a moment in, or passing that recess in the hall, while I happened to be at the same moment lying in the position in which only I could have heard it. And not long afterward, when we related the whole story to the party of friends whose presence had banished Braxton and myself to the "little room" as a dormitory, one of them, a young man, related how he had, on that night, about midnight, groped his way down into the hall for some article he had left there, and how, blindly stumbling in the darkness, he had stumbled probably into this recess; "for certainly," said he, "in the vexation of the moment I did utter something that was not exactly a blessing."

As to the supernatural intimation of my friend's death, Lucy recollected, and so did I, that the children's pet kitten had been found dead on that evening—yes, and in that very recess behind the hall stairs. "It was probably Lizzie's voice," she said, "when she discovered the body of the poor little animal."

No doubt. And so was explained to the satisfaction of everybody, the mystery of the Haunted Room.

I have asked myself often since, Is the mystery of the Bucklaw family to be explained in a similar manner, and from the same cause? Did the jealous husband overhear in this ill-omened closet whispers between his young wife and her former betrothed, spoken in that recess in the hall? And the disappearance of the young man—the skeleton said to have been found in the cellar wall? Truly echoes are dangerous things.

#### NATURE IMPROVED BY FASHION.

The artists in hair and the enamellers of the face having met and agreed that "dark eyebrows are to accompany golden tresses and golden eyebrows black hair; that brown or chestnut locks and curls are not to be tolerated; that the complexion is to be further elaborated; that the complexion is to be dead pearl pale, the lips very light pink, and that the mouth is to be worn slightly open," our artist herewith presents some further improvements to the sex in general; simple suggestions how to get up one's head with a due regard to the mandates of Fashion and yet to preserve the unities.



Fig. 1 shows a front view of the variegated complexion. This style is recommended to the wives of prominent Republicans as illustrating the very slight influence color exerts over the inner woman. To carry out the unities, the back hair streams down the neck behind, while it is crisped into wooliness in front.



Fig. 2 is especially adapted to a young city lady who thinks it is always summer in the country, and imagines she could so love to live on a farm with dear Alphonsos. Take care, however, not to adopt this style till you are past thirty.



Fig. 3 is recommended to the head of the class in Astronomy. Some degree of proficiency in Natural Philosophy is also required, especially the law of gravitation. With Saturn and his moons on your cheek you will always have cheery satellites.



Fig. 4 is the invention of a Yankee, and will no doubt be popular among the seamstresses, milliners, shop girls, and the ladies in our kitchens. It is quickly applied, as any one who has seen stencil-plates used can understand, and the pattern is capable of being infinitely varied. The shops now displaying signs, "Pinking done here," and "Stencil-plates sold here," will probably have a monopoly of this peculiar style.



Fig. 5 will at once be recognized as only fit for the lassie that loves her "Sailor boy" o' y nineteen years

old." It will also be a favorite with actresses in such roles as "Black Eyed Susan."



Fig. 6.—We always find some beauty that will not be satisfied with looking as other women do, and the Chinese style with queue and real Sèvres complexion has been invented for the especial benefit of such. The patent is still pending.



Fig. 7 may seem familiar to such as are fond of the "Horse Opera;" but the originality of the idea consists in the adaptation of the chignon to the enamel, and of the enamel to the chignon, and of their mutual adaptation, the one to the other, for the purpose. . . . Pahaw! we forget we are not trying to explain the matter to the sapient of the Patent Office, just now. The whole design was carefully designed with the design that she who wishes might wear it.

#### GRECIAN DWELLINGS.

The farm-yard had a multitude of noisy tenants. Geese and ducks often waddled into the kitchen, in one corner of which might be heard the comforting sounds of the occupant of the pig-sty. The art of enlarging the goose's liver to please the fastidious appetite of the gourmand, by cooping him up in a heated room and stuffing him with fattening food and drink, was not left for German gastronomers to invent, but was well known to the Greeks and Egyptians before them. Bonneries, furnished with roasts, were attached to the kitchen, so as to receive its smoke, which was supposed to be agreeable to barn-yard fowls. Peacocks, pheasants, guinea-hens, partridges, quails, moor hens, thrushes, pigeons, in immense numbers, many smaller birds, and even jackdaws, were found in the establishments of the wealthier farmers. The curious scenes in the birds of Aristophanes show the familiarity of that poet with the habits and character of every known species of bird.

The laboring animals were much the same as in modern times, except that the horse was less commonly employed in the work of a farm. Oxen were used as now. The arrangements of a Greek dairy were not unlike our own; and, though butter was not much used in the classical ages, it is mentioned by Hippocrates, under the name of *pik rion*. Cheese was universally eaten, generally while fresh and soft. Milk was sold in the Grecian markets by women; and it frequently reached the customer in the shape of milk and water. A method sometimes employed in detecting the fraud—perhaps it may be used now—was to drop a little milk on the thumb-nail; if the milk was pure it would remain in its place; if not, it would flow away.

The principal rooms were furnished with sofas, or seats running along the walls, covered sometimes with skins, sometimes with purple carpets, with heaps of cushions to rest upon—sometimes movable and sometimes immovable. The tables were, like ours, either round, square or oblong, and for these the most costly woods were imported from the East. There were no table-clothes; but the tables were wiped down with sponges. Chairs, ottomans and couches, of every variety of form and in the most elegant styles, adorned the room. In the Homeric times, the men sat at table; but afterward they adopted the Oriental custom of lazily reclining on a luxurious couch.

They had the greatest variety of earthen and metallic plates, cups and goblets, as we see them delineated on the vases and other works of art. Drinking cups were the object of special attention. Their forms were elegant, and of wonderful variety, and their size would have astonished a teetotaler. Nestor, that sober old counselor of the Grecian camp, made nothing of draining a beaker, mixed in thirds, which two common men could not lift; and—more extraordinary still—Hercules carried about with him a cup holding wine enough to quench his ordinary thirst, which, having exhausted, he set it aloft and steered, more than half seas over, to any part of the world he pleased.

I do not know that there is any form of bedstead, from the four-poster to the French, which may not be found described by writers or represented in works of art. Ulysses manufactured one for himself, of olive-wood inlaid with gold and ivory. The bed rested sometimes on boards laid across the frame, on thongs of ox-hide stretched over one another, or on a netting of cord. Plato speaks of bedsteads made of solid silver; Athenæus describes them made of ivory, and embellished with beautifully wrought figures; and Lucian has them veneered with Indian tortoise-shell, inlaid with gold.

In Thessaly, beds were stuffed with fine grass. According to Athenæus, effeminate gentlemen sometimes slept on beds of sponge. Fashionable people in Athens slept under coverlets of dressed peacock skins with the feathers on. Clearchus, the author of a treatise on sleep, describes the bed of a Paphian prince in such a way that one can hardly keep his eyes open while reading of it. "Over the soft mattresses, supported by a silver footed bedstead was flung a short grained Sardinian carpet of the most expensive kind. A coverlet of downy texture succeeded, and upon this was cast a costly counterpane of Amorgian purple. Cushions variegated with the richest purple supported his head; while two soft Dorian pillows of pale pink gently raised his feet."

Boston having added Roxbury's 28,426 inhabitants, now has 220,750. She is ready to absorb the following small neighbors: Dorchester, 10,729; West Roxbury, 6,912; Brookline, 5,262; Brighton, 3,839; Cambridge, 20,114; Charlestown, 26,308; Somerville, 9,336; Chelsea, 14,403; North Chelsea, 853; Winthrop, 634; all of which would make Boston's grand total, 26,253.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

How do you know Pharaoh was a carpenter? Why, he made Joseph a ruler.

Why do "birds in their little nests agree?" Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

What roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth.

Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

Why are people who stutter not to be relied on? Because they are always breaking their word.

Those who most frequently visit the watering places in the summer are milkmen.

"My opinion is," said a philosophical old lady of much experience and observation, "that any man as dies upon washing day does it out of pure spite."

Why are the old maids the most charming of all people? Because they are matchless.

What is the difference between a barber and a mother? One has razors to shave, and the other has shavers to raise.

"Thou art a little bear, madam," said a Quaker to a fashionable belle at an evening party.

"Sir," exclaimed the dismayed one. "About the shoulders, I mean," smilingly replied he.

The following scene is laid in a first-class hotel:

Traveler—I desire to be called at six o'clock. Clerk—(with gold chain)—If you will ring the bell at that hour one of the boys will attend to your case.

"Suppose a man and a girl were married—the man thirty-five years old, and the girl five years; this makes the man seven times as old as the girl. They live together until the girl is ten years old; this makes him forty years old, and four times as old as the girl. They live together until she is fifteen, the man being forty-five; this makes the man three times as old. They still live until she is thirty years old; this makes the man sixty, and only twice as old, and so on. Now, how long would they have to live to make the girl as old as the man?"

It is rare that editors indulge in a drop, but when they do their readers find them out. Witness the following "melancholy event":

"Yesterday morning, at four P. M., a man with a heel in the hole of his stocking committed suicide by swallowing a dose of suicide. The inquest of the verdict returned a jury that the deceased came to the fable in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament the end of his untimely death. In death we are in the midst of life."

The following conversation occurred between a graceless boy and his teacher:

"What does your father do when he sits down at the table?"

"He asks for the brandy-bottle."

"I don't mean that. Well, then, what does your mother do when you sit down at the table?"

"She says she will wring our necks if we spill any grease on the floor!"

Mrs. EMMELINE LOTT, and accordingly Lott's wife, has just published her retrospective impressions of Oriental life. Of course they must be taken cum grano salis.

THOMPSON and Rogers, two married bucks of New York, wandering home late one night, stopped at what Thompson supposed was his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house. Thompson rang the bell lustily, when a window was opened, and a lady inquired what was wanted.

"Madame," inquired Mr. T., "isn't this Mr. Thompson's house?"

"No," replied the lady; "this is the residence of Mr. Rogers."

"Well," exclaimed Thompson, "Mrs. T.—Thompson—beg your pardon—Mrs. Rogers, won't you just step down to the door and pick out Rogers, for Thompson wants to go home?"

A VERY good widow, who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged, as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter; and one day, just as she had received half-a-dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comfortable beverage, she—oh, horror!—she saw two of the grave elders of the church approaching her door. She ran the man out of the back door, and the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with her sage friends, pop went a cork. "Dear me!" exclaimed the good lady, "I have gone that bed-cord; it snapped yesterday the same way. I must have another rope provided." In a few minutes went another, followed by the peculiar hiss of escaping liquor. The rope would not do again, but the good lady was not at a loss: "Dear me!" said she, "that black cat of mine must be at some mischief under there. Scat!" Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the bed-curtains. "Oh, dear me," said she, "I had forgot; it is the yeast! Here, Prudence, come and take those bottles of yeast away!"

The remark of a passenger on viewing the revolving light: "Gosh! the wind blows that light out as fast as the man can light it!" was received with cheers.

"This," said Captain Booby, on his return from a tour, "is a hickory stick which I cut with my hands on the plains of Antietam ten days ago."

"Ah!" said civilian John Thomas, "the Boobies were ever renowned for cutting their sticks on the field of battle."

An Italian poet has, we are informed, written a poem of nine hundred lines on strawberries. We should not like to give berry much for what is not, perhaps, worth a straw.

WHAT perils ladies will encounter to be in the fashion! They are generally supposed to show timidity in the presence of wild cattle, but they would rather face a mad bull than not have their dresses gored.

A SCHEM TO BE APPROVED OF.—A Witticism.

The following is a story told by the Bishop of Tennessee at the recent Church Congress, as showing the education of a plantation preacher. He said: "I was visiting a plantation, and the bell was rung, and the negroes, numbering some five hundred, gathered in the parlors and piazza of the house, belonging, unfortunately for himself, to a bachelor. After reading a chapter to them, I preached, and said that I would hold a service the next day to baptize such as should be presented. I baptized between seventy and eighty, and after a service, I fell into conversation with 'Uncle Toney,' a plantation preacher. I asked him about various Christian doctrines, and finally said:

"And what about the resurrection?"

"With a very solemn face he replied:

"You see, master, intiment is intiment."

"Yes."

"Well, you see dere is a speritual body, and dis here body maa' out of dus."

"Yes."

"Well, you see, when de angel Gabriel comes down from heaben, and gain' up and down the river Jord an a-blowin' of his trumpet, and de birds of heaben singin', and de bells of heaben ringin', and de milk and de honey rainin' down on all de hills of heaben, he will bring de speritual body wid him down from heaben, and take dis here body up out of de dus, and tak' the intiment and rub it on, den stick togedder—and dar dey is."



SCENE IN THE ISLAND OF TOPIOLA, WEST INDIES, DURING THE RECENT DESTRUCTIVE STORM OF THE 7TH OCT.—SEE PAGE 184.



J. H. Hall.





THE LATE TERRIBLE HURRICANE AT ST. THOMAS, WEST INDIA ISLAND.—See Page 186.



### Terrible Hurricane at St. Thomas, West Indies.

THE island of St. Thomas was visited, on the morning of the 30th of October last, by one of the most terrific hurricanes ever witnessed in that locality. There had been premonitory symptoms of an approaching storm several hours previous to the catastrophe, but as they were not of an unusual character they had excited no general attention.

At an early hour of the day a strong wind set in from the north-west, and large, ill-boding clouds collected in huge banks were driven through the air with astonishing velocity. The wind veered to the east at about eight o'clock, and with the change came a furious hurricane that carried destruction to every portion of the island.

Large trees that were regarded as emblems of strength and durability were snapped asunder like pipe-stems, and massive buildings were shaken to their foundations and completely destroyed. The excitement of the inhabitants was intense in the extreme, and amid the fury of the storm, the air was rent with the shrieks of the sufferers and groans of the dying. The results of the unfortunate visitation cannot be accurately estimated; thousands of persons were rendered homeless, and the damage inflicted upon the shipping in the harbor is beyond calculation.

Our illustration shows a scene on the interior of the island. Such horrors as were compressed into the short space of that fearful night can better be imagined than described.

### Scene in the island of Tortola, West Indies.

By a letter from Tortola, written on the 1st of November, enclosing the accompanying sketch, we learn that the damage inflicted by the hurricane of the 29th of October, though very great, as will be seen, has been much exaggerated in the telegrams published by the daily press. In our last issue we adverted to the story of an island containing hills sixteen hundred feet high being submerged entirely for eight hours with a feeling of doubt as to the entire truth of the statement. This week we give an authentic picture and description of the state of affairs. The hurricane was as severely felt there as in the island of St. Thomas, and much the same was the effect produced on the houses. The water was heaped up in the bay so that it inundated the seat of Government, Roadtown, and the family of Sinclair Bryant, the magistrate, were drowned. The inhabitants were exposed at the same time to the terrors of both fire and water, for during the hurricane a conflagration burned nearly all the upper town.

### Taming a Tartar.

#### CHAPTER III.

I WAS intensely curious to see how the prince would behave when we met. Politeness is such a national trait in France, where the poorest workman lifts his cap in passing a lady, to the Emperor, who returns the salute of his shabbiest subject, that one soon learns to expect the little courtesies of daily life so scrupulously and gracefully paid by all classes, and to miss them if they are wanting. When he chose, the prince was a perfect Frenchman in this respect, but at times nothing could be more insolently haughty, or entirely oblivious of common civility. Hitherto I had had no personal experience of this, but had observed it toward others, and very unnecessarily angered myself about it. My turn came now; for when he entered his sister's apartment next day, he affected entire unconsciousness of my presence. Not a look, word, or gesture was vouchsafed me, but, half turning his back, he chatted with the princess in an unusually gay and affectionate manner.

After the first indignant impulse to leave the room had passed, I became cool enough to see and enjoy the ludicrous side of the affair. I could not help wondering if it was done for effect, but for the first time since I came I saw the prince in his uniform. I would not look openly, though I longed to do so, for covert glances, as I busied myself with my embroidery, gave me glimpses of a splendid blending of scarlet, white and gold. It would have been impossible for the prince not to have known that this brilliant costume was excessively becoming, and not to have felt a very natural desire to display his handsome figure to advantage. More than once he crossed the room to look from the window, as if impatient for the droschky, then sat himself down at the piano and played stormily for five minutes, marched back to the princess's sofa and teased Bijou the poodle, ending at length by standing erect on the rug and facing the enemy.

Finding I bore my disgrace with equanimity, he was possessed to play the master, and show his displeasure in words as well as by silence. Turning to his sister, he said, in the tone of one who does not deign to issue commands to inferiors:

"You were enjoying some book as I entered, Nadja; desire Mademoiselle Varna to continue—I go in a moment."

"Ma chère, oblige me by finishing the chapter," said the princess, with a significant glance, and I obeyed.

We were reading George Sand's "Consuelo," or rather the sequel of that wonderful book, and had reached the scenes in which Frederick the Great torments the prima donna before sending her to prison, because she will not submit to his whims. I liked my task, and read with spirit, hoping the prince would enjoy the lesson as much as I did. By skillfully cutting paragraphs here and there, I managed to get in the most apposite and striking of Consuelo's brave and sensible remarks, as well as the tyrant's unjust and ungenerous commands. The prince stood with his eyes fixed upon me. I felt, rather than saw this, for I never lifted my own, but permitted a smile to appear when Frederick threatened her with his cane. The princess speedily forgot everything but the romance, and when I paused, exclaimed, with a laugh:

"Ah, you enjoy that much, Sybil, for, like Consuelo, you would have defied the Great Fritz himself."

"That I would, in spite of a dozen Spondons. Royalty and rank give no one a right to oppress others. A tyrant—even a crowned one—is the most despicable of creatures," I answered, warmly.

"But you will allow that Porporina the was very cold and coy, and altogether provoking, in spite of her genius and virtue," said the princess, avoiding the word "tyrant," as the subjects of the czar have a tendency to do.

"She was right, for the humblest mortals should possess their liberty and preserve it at all costs. Golden chains are often heavier than iron ones: is it not so, Mouche?" I asked of the dog, who lay at my feet, vainly trying to rid himself of the new collar which annoyed him.

A sharp "Here, sir!" made him spring to his master, who ordered him to lie down, and put one foot on him to keep him, as he showed signs of deserting again. The prince looked ireful, his black eyes were kindling, and some imperious speech was trembling on his lips, when Claudine entered with the *mal-à-propos* question.

"Does Madame la Princesse desire that I begin to make preparations for the journey?"

"Not yet. Go; I will give orders when it is time," replied the princess, giving me a glance, which said, "We must speak now."

"What journey?" demanded the prince, as Claudine vanished precipitately.

"That for which you commanded me to prepare," returned his sister, with a heavy sigh.

"That is well. You consent, then, without more useless delay?" and the prince's face cleared as he spoke.

"If you still desire it, after reading this, I shall submit, Alexis," and giving him the note, his sister waited, with nervous anxiety, for his decision.

As he read I watched him, and saw real concern, surprise, and regret in his face, but when he looked up, it was to ask:

"When did Dr. Segarde give you this, and wherefore?"

"You shall know all, my brother. Mademoiselle sees my sufferings, pities my unhappiness, and is convinced that it is no whim of mine which makes me dread this return. I implore her to say this to you, to plead for me, because, with all your love, you cannot know my state as she does. To this prayer of mine she listens, but with a modesty as great as her goodness, she fears that you may think her officious, over-bold, or blinded by regard for me. Therefore she wisely asks for Segarde's opinion, sure that it will touch and influence you. Do not destroy her good opinion, nor disappoint thy Nadja!"

The prince was touched, but found it hard to yield, and said, slowly, as he refolded the note, with a glance at me of annoyance not anger:

"So you plot and intrigue against me, ladies! But I have said we shall go, and I never revoke a decree."

"Go!" cried the princess, in a tone of despair.

"Yes, it is inevitable," was the answer, as the prince turned toward the fire, as if to escape importunities and reproaches.

"But when, Alexis—when? Give me still a few weeks of grace!" implored his sister, approaching him in much agitation.

"I give thee till April," replied the prince, in an altered tone.

"But that is spring, the time I pray for! Do you, then, grant my prayer?" exclaimed the princess, pausing in amazement.

"I said we must go, but not when; now I fix a time, and give thee yet some weeks of grace. Didst thou think I loved my own pleasure more than thy life, my sister?"

As he turned, with a smile of tender reproach, the princess uttered a cry of joy and threw herself into his arms in a paroxysm of gratitude, delight and affection. I never imagined that the prince could unbend so beautifully and entirely; but as I watched him caress and reassure the frail creature who clung to him, I was surprised to find what a hearty admiration suddenly sprang up within me for "the barbarian," as I often called him to myself. I enjoyed the pretty tableau a moment, and was quietly gliding away, lest I should be *de trop*, when the princess arrested me by exclaiming, as she leaned on her brother's arm, showing a face rosy with satisfaction:

"Chère Sybil, come and thank him for this kindness; you know how ardently I desired the boon, and you must help me to express my gratitude."

"In what language shall I thank Monsieur le Prince for prolonging his sister's life? Your tears, madame, are more eloquent than any words of mine," I replied, vailing the reproach under a tone of respectful meekness.

"She is too proud, this English Consuelo; she will not stoop to confess an obligation even to Alexis Demidoff."

He spoke in a half-playful, half-petulant tone, and hesitated over the last words, as if he would have said "a prince." The haughtiness was quite gone, and something in his expression, attitude and tone touched me. The sacrifice had cost him something, and a little commendation would not hurt him, vain and selfish though he might be. I was grateful for the poor princess's sake, and I did not hesitate to show it, saying with my most cordial smile, and doubtless some of the satisfaction I could not but feel visible in my face:

"I am not too proud to thank you sincerely for this favor to Madame la Princesse, nor to ask pardon for anything by which I may have offended you."

A gratified smile rewarded me as he said, with an air of surprise:

"And yet, mademoiselle desires much to see St. Petersburg?"

"I do, but I can wait, remembering that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

A low bow was the only reply he made, and with a silent caress to his sister he left the room.

"You have not yet seen the droschky; from the window of the ante-room the courtyard is visible;

go, mademoiselle, and get a glimpse of St. Petersburg," said the princess, returning to her sofa, weary with the scene.

I went, and looking down, saw the most picturesque equipage I had ever seen. The elegant, coquettish droschky with a pair of splendid black Ukraine horses, harnessed in the Russian fashion, with a network of purple leather profusely ornamented with silver, stood before the grand entrance, and on the seat sat a handsome young man in full Ischvostchik costume. His caftan of fine cloth was slashed at the sides with embroidery; his hat had a velvet band, a silver buckle, and a bunch of rosy ribbons in it; a white-laced neck-cloth, buckskin gloves, hair and beard in perfect order; a brilliant sash and a crimson silk shirt. As I stood wondering if he was a serf, the prince appeared, wrapped in the long gray capote, lined with scarlet, which all military Russians wear, and the brilliant helmet surmounted by a flowing white plume. As he seated himself among the costly furs he glanced up at his sister's windows, where she sometimes stood to see him. His quick eye recognized me, and to my surprise he waved his hand with a gracious smile as the fiery horses whirled him away.

That smile haunted me curiously all day, and more than once I glanced into the courtyard, hoping to see the picturesque droschky again, for, though one cannot live long in Paris without seeing nearly every costume under the sun, and accustomed as I was to such sights, there was something peculiarly charming to me in the martial figure, the brilliant equipage and the wild black horses, as full of untamed grace and power as if but just brought from the steppes of Tartary.

There was a dinner party in the evening, and, anxious to gratify her brother, the princess went down. Usually I enjoyed these free hours, and was never at a loss for occupation or amusement, but on this evening I could settle to nothing till I resolved to indulge an odd whim which possessed me. Arranging palette and brushes, I was soon absorbed in reproducing on a small canvas a likeness of the droschky and its owner. Hour after hour slipped by as the little picture grew, and horses, vehicle, driver and master took shape and color under my touch. I spent much time on the principal figure, but left the face till the last. All was carefully copied from memory, the white tunic, golden cuirass, massive epaulets, and silver sash; the splendid casque with its plume, the gray cloak, and the scarlet trousers, half-hidden by the high boots of polished leather. At the boots I paused, trying to remember something.

"Did he wear spurs?" I said, half audibly, as I leaned back to survey my work complacently.

"Decidedly yes, mademoiselle," replied a voice, and there stood the prince with a wicked smile on his lips.

I seldom lose my self-possession, and after an involuntary start, was quite myself, though much annoyed at being discovered. Instead of hiding the picture or sitting dumb with embarrassment, I held it up, saying tranquilly:

"Is it not creditable to so bad an artist? I was in doubt about the spurs, but now I can soon finish."

"The horses are wonderful, and the furs perfect. Ivan is too handsome, and this countenance may be said to lack expression."

He pointed to the blank spot where his own face should have been, and eyed me with most exasperating intelligence. But I concealed my chagrin under an innocent air, and answered simply:

"Yes; I wait to find a portrait of the czar before I finish this addition to my little gallery of kings and queens."

"The czar!" ejaculated the prince, with such an astonished expression that I could not restrain a smile, as I touched up the handsome Ivan's beard.

"I have an admiration for the droschky, and that it may be quite complete, I boldly add the czar. It always pleased me to read how freely and fearlessly he rides among his people, unattended, in the gray cloak and helmet."

The prince gave me an odd look, crossed the room, and returning, laid before me an enameled casket, on the lid of which was a portrait of a stout, light-haired, somewhat ordinary, elderly gentleman, saying in a tone which betrayed some pique and much amusement:

"Mademoiselle need not wait to finish her work: behold the czar!"

I was strongly tempted to laugh, and own the truth, but something in the prince's manner restrained me, and after gravely regarding the portrait a moment, I began to copy it. My hand was not steady nor my eye clear, but I recklessly daubed on till the prince, who had stood watching me, said suddenly in a very mild tone:

"I flatter myself that there was some mistake last evening; either Mouche failed to do his errand, or the design of the trinket displeased you. I have endeavored to suit mademoiselle's taste better, and this time I offer it myself."

A white-gloved hand holding an open jewel-case which contained a glittering ring came before my eyes, and I could not retreat. Being stubborn by nature, and ruffled by what had just passed, as well as bent on having my own way in the matter, I instantly decided to refuse all gifts. Retreating slightly from the offering, I pointed to the flowers on the table near me, and said, with an air of grave decision:

"Monsieur le Prince must permit me to decline. I have already received all that it is possible to accept."

"Nay, examine the trifle, mademoiselle, and relent. Why will you not oblige me and be friends, like Mouche?" he said, earnestly.

That allusion to the dog nettled me, and I replied, coldly turning from the importunate hand.

"It was not the silver collar which consoled

poor Mouche for the blows. Like him I can forgive, but I cannot so soon forget."

The dainty case closed with a sharp snap, and flinging it on to a table as he passed, the prince left the room without a word.

I was a little frightened at what I had done for a moment, but soon recovered my courage, resolving that since he had made it a test which should yield, I would not be the one to do it, for I had right on my side. Nor would I be appeased till he had made the *amende honorable* to me as to the dog. I laughed at the foolish affair, yet could not entirely banish a feeling of anger at the first violence and at the lordly way in which he tried to atone for the insult.

"Let us wait and see how the sultan carries himself to-morrow," I said; "if he become tyrannical, I am free to go, thank heaven; otherwise it is interesting to watch the handsome savage chafe and fret behind the bars of civilized society."

And gathering up my work, I retired to my room to replace the czar's face with that of the prince.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Chère amie, you remember I told you that Alexis always gave me some trifle after he had made me weep; behold what a charming gift I find upon my table to-day!" cried the princess, as I joined her next morning.

She held up her slender hand, displaying the ring I had left behind me the night before. I had had but a glimpse of it, but I knew it by the peculiar arrangement of the stones. Before I could say anything the princess ran on, as pleased as a girl with her new bauble:

"I have just discovered the prettiest conceit imaginable. See, the stones spell 'Pardon': pearl, amethyst, ruby, diamond, opal, and as there no stone commencing with the last letter, the initial of my name is added in enamel. Is not that divine?"

I examined it, and being a woman, I regretted the loss of the jewels as well as the opportunity of ending the matter, by a kinder reply to this fanciful petition for pardon. While I hesitated to enlighten the princess, for fear of further trouble, the prince entered, and I retreated to my seat at the other end of the room.

"Dear Alexis, I have just discovered your charming souvenir; a thousand thanks," cried his sister, with effusion.

"My souvenir; of what do you speak, Nadja?" he replied, with an air of surprise as he approached.

Ah, you affect ignorance, but I well know whose hand sends me this, though I find it lying carelessly on my table. Yes, that start is very well done, yet it does not impose upon me. I am charmed with the gift; come, and let me embrace you."

With a very ill grace the "dear Alexis" submitted to the ceremony, and received the thanks of his sister, who expatiated upon the taste and beauty of the ring till he said, impatiently:

"You are very ingenious in your discoveries; I confess I meant it for a charming woman whom I had offended; if you had not accepted it I should have flung it in the fire. Now let it pass, and bid me adieu. I go to pass a week with Bagdonoff."

The princess was, of course, desolated to lose her brother, but resigned herself to the deprivation with calmness, and received his farewell without tears. I thought he meant to ignore me entirely, but to my surprise he approached, and with an expression I had never seen before, said, in a satirical tone:

"Mademoiselle, I leave the princess to your care, with perfect faith in your fidelity. Permit me to hope that you will enjoy my absence," and with a low bow, such as I had seen him give a countess, he departed.

The week lengthened to three before we saw the prince, and I am forced to confess that I did not enjoy his absence. So monotonous grew my days that I joyfully welcomed a somewhat romantic little episode in which I was just then called to play a part.

One of my former pupils had a lover. Madame Bayard discovered the awful fact, sent the girl home to her parents, and sternly refused to give the young man her address. He knew me, and in his despair applied to me for help and consolation. But not daring to seek me at the prince's hotel, he sent a note, imploring me to grant him an interview in the Tuilleries Garden at a certain hour. I liked Adolph, pitied my amiable expupil, and believing in the sincerity of their love, was glad to aid them.

At the appointed time I met Adolph, and for an hour paced up and down the leafless avenues, listening to his hopes and fears. It was a dull April day, and dusk fell early, but we were so absorbed that neither observed the gathering twilight till an exclamation from my companion made me look up.

"That man is watching us!"

"What man?" I asked, rather startled.

"Ah, he slips away again behind the trees yonder. He has done it twice before as we approached, and when we are past he follows stealthily. Do you see him?"

I glanced into the dusky path which crossed our own, and caught a glimpse of a tall man in a cloak just vanishing.

"You mistake, he does not watch us; why should he? Your own disquiet makes you suspicious, *mon ami*," I said.

"Perhaps so; let him go. Dear mademoiselle, I ask a thousand pardons for detaining you so long. Permit me to call a carriage for you."

I preferred to walk, and refusing Adolph's entreaties to escort me, I went my way along the garden side of the Rue de Rivoli, glad to be free at last. The wind was dying away as the sun set, but as a last freak it blew my veil off and carried it several yards behind me. A gentleman caught and advanced to restore it. As he put it into my hand with a bow, I uttered an exclamation, for it



was the prince. He also looked surprised, and greeted me courteously, though with a strong expression of curiosity visible in his face. A cloak hung over his arm, and as my eyes fell upon it, an odd fancy took possession of me, causing me to conceal my pleasure at seeing him, and to assume a cold demeanor, which he observed at once. Vouchsafing no explanation of my late walk, I thanked him for the little service, adjusted my veil, and walked on as if the interview was at an end.

"It is late for mademoiselle to promenade alone; as I am about to return to the hotel, she will permit me to accompany her?"

The prince spoke in his most gracious tone, and walked beside me, casting covert glances at my face as we passed, the lamps now shining all about us. I was angry, and said, with significant emphasis:

"Monsieur le Prince has already sufficiently honored me with his protection. I can dispense with it now."

"Pardon, I do not understand," he began hastily; but I added, pointing to the garment on his arm:

"Pray assume your cloak; it is colder here than in the garden of the Tuileries."

Glancing up as I spoke, I saw him flush and frown, then draw himself up as if to haughtily demand an explanation, but with a sudden impulse, pause, and ask, averting his eyes:

"Why does mademoiselle speak in that accusing tone? Are the gardens forbidden ground to me?"

"Yes; when Monsieur le Prince condescends to play the spy," I boldly replied, adding with a momentary doubt arising in my mind, "Were you not there watching me?"

To my infinite surprise he looked me full in the face, and answered briefly:

"I was."

"Adolph was right then—I also; it is well to know one's enemies," I said, as if to myself, and uttered not another word, but walked rapidly on.

Silent also the prince went beside me, till, as we were about to cross the great square, a carriage whirled round the corner, causing me to step hastily back. An old crone, with a great basket on her head, was in imminent danger of being run over, when the prince sprang forward, caught the bit and forced the spirited horses back till the old creature gathered herself up and reached the pave in safety. Then he returned to me as tranquilly as if nothing had occurred.

"Are you hurt?" I asked, forgetting my anger, as he pulled off and threw away the delicate glove, torn and soiled in the brief struggle.

"Thanks—no; but the old woman?"

"She was not injured, and went on her way, never staying to thank you."

"Why should she?" he asked, quietly.

"One likes to see gratitude. Perhaps she is used to such escapes, and so the act surprised her less than it did me."

"Ah! you wonder that I troubled myself about the poor creature, mademoiselle. I never forget that my mother was a woman, and for her sake I respect all women."

I had never heard that tone in his voice, nor seen that look in his face before, as he spoke those simple words. They touched me more than the act, but some tormenting spirit prompted me to say:

"Even when you threaten one of them with a—"

I got no further, for, with a sudden flash that daunted me, the prince cried imploringly, yet commandingly:

"No—no; do not utter the word—do not recall the shameful scene. Be generous, and forget, though you will not forgive."

"Pardon, it was unkind, I never will offend again."

An awkward pause followed, and we went on without a word, till glancing at me as we passed a brilliant lamp, the prince exclaimed:

"Mademoiselle, you are very pale—you are ill, over-wearied; let me call a carriage."

"By no means; it is nothing. In stepping back to avoid the horses, I hurt my ankle; but we are almost at the hotel, and I can reach it perfectly well."

"And you have walked all this distance without a complaint, when every step was painful? *Ma foi!* mademoiselle is brave," he said, with mingled pity, anxiety and admiration in his fine eyes.

"Women early learn to suffer in silence," I answered, rather grimly, for my foot was in agony, and I was afraid I should give out before I reached the hotel.

The prince hastened on before me, unlocked the side-door by which I usually entered, and helping me in, said earnestly:

"There are many steps to climb; let me assist you, or call some one."

"No, no, I will have no scene; many thanks; I can reach my room quite well alone. *Bon soir*, Monsieur le Prince," and turning from his offered arm, I set my teeth and walked steadily up the first seven stairs. But on reaching the little landing, pain overcame pride, and I sank into a chair with a stifled groan. I had heard the door close, and fancied the prince gone, but he was at my side in an instant.

"Mademoiselle, I shall not leave you till you are safely in your apartment. How can I best serve you?"

I pointed to the bell, saying faintly:

"I cannot walk; let Pierre carry me."

"I am stronger and more fit for such burdens. Pardon, it must be so."

And before I could utter a refusal, he folded the cloak about me, raised me gently in his arms, and went pacing quietly along the corridors, regarding me with an air of much sympathy, though in his eyes lurked a gleam of triumph, as he murmured to himself:

"She has a strong will, this brave mademoiselle of ours, but it must bend at last."

That annoyed me more than my mishap, but being helpless, I answered only with a defiant glance and an irrepressible smile at my little adventure. He looked keenly at me with an eager, yet puzzled air, and said, as he grasped me more firmly:

"Inexplicable creature! Pain can conquer her strength, but her spirit defies me still."

I hardly heard him, for as he laid me on the couch in my own little *salon*, I lost consciousness, and when I recovered myself, I was alone with my maid.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"Dear mademoiselle, I know not; the bell rings, I fly, I find you fainting, and I restore you. It is fatigue, alarm, illness, and you ring before your senses leave you," cried Jacobine, removing my cloak and furs.

A sudden pang in my foot recalled me to myself at once, and bidding the girl apply certain remedies, I was soon comfortable. Not a word was said of the prince; he had evidently vanished before the maid came. I was glad of this, for I had no desire to furnish food for gossip among the servants. Sending Jacobine with a message to the princess, I lay recalling the scene and perplexing myself over several trifles which suddenly assumed great importance in my eyes.

My bonnet and gloves were off when the girl found me. Who had removed them? My hair was damp with eau-de-cologne; who had bathed my head? My injured foot lay on a cushion; who placed it there? Did I dream that a tender voice exclaimed, "My little Sybil, my heart, speak to me"? or did the prince really utter such words?

With burning cheeks, and a half-sweet, half-bitter trouble in my heart, I thought of those things, and asked myself what all this was coming to. A woman often asks herself such questions, but seldom answers them, nor did I, preferring to let time drift me where it would.

The amiable princess came herself to inquire for me. I said nothing of her brother, as it was evident that he had said nothing even to her.

"Alexis has returned, *ma chère*; he was with me when Jacobine told me of your accident; he sends his compliments and regrets. He is in charming spirits, and looking finely."

I murmured my thanks, but felt a little guilty at my want of frankness. Why not tell her the prince met and helped me? While debating the point within myself, the princess was rejoicing that my accident would perhaps still longer delay the dreaded journey.

"Let it be a serious injury, my friend; it will permit you to enjoy life here, but not to travel; so suffer sweetly for my sake, and I will repay you with a thousand thanks," she said, pleadingly.

Laughingly I promised, and having ordered every luxury she could imagine, the princess left me with a joyful heart, while I vainly tried to forget the expression of the prince's face as he said low to himself:

"Her spirit defies me still."

## Mrs. Brown in America.—No. 7.

### On Sight-Seeing.

Joe he come back from where he'd been, and told me as that pocket-book were a regular old trick, the same as I've 'eard tell they did use to do in London years ago, with what they called ring dropping.

"Yes," I says, "Joe, but any one can tell false gold by the ring, but," I says, "them false notes looked better than the real ones, not as any one is to blame, for I'm sure I once took a bad florin as I wouldn't believe were bad till your father took and melted it on the fire-shovel, and worry painful, too, for I went to take that shovel off the fire all of a hurry, and if that melted florin didn't fly all over the place and dropped into the side of my shoe as were baggy, and nearly burned me to the bone; but," I says, "false money ain't as bad as false 'uman creatures, and of all the false, base women as ever I see, it's that Mrs. Chauncey, and however could Mrs. Skidmore take such a party in."

"Why?" says Joe. "She seems to 'ave took others in besides Mrs. Skidmore."

"Well," I says, "Joe, she certainly 'ad a way with 'er as would take in a conjuror, but," I says, "my dear boy, when are you a-goin' to your own 'ome?"

"Why," he says, "my 'ome will be 'ere, for I've got to stop in New York, and am come on, and my wife will follow in a few days."

I was glad to 'ear that, and told 'im 'ow much money I'd been robbed, as were werry provokin' through it bein' all my own, as I'd saved up and brought with me, and got Joe to sell for me; and certinly I did get a deal of them dollars for my bank-notes, as is bank-notes all the world over, and the Merrykins is glad for to 'get 'old on 'em, no doubt, as I should be myself.

Joe says to me, as he 'adn't got much to do, and would take and show me about the place, as is werry wonderful to be sure.

I see a picter on the wall, of a wild man of the woods, a-carryin' of a dark fieldmale, as is a sight, as I told Joe I wouldn't see were it ever so.

He says, "There ain't much chance of your seein' it," and on we walks, and was a-lookin' at a lot of places, and see the sogers as looked some like French and others like Germans, as Joe said as they was Dutch.

I'm sure the things as I did see quite confused my 'ead, partickler bein' took to see the wild goriller, as is in a Museum, and got wrore up agin 'is cage, as he were a violent disposition; but, law, poor thing, he was a-settin' in some straw as mild as milk, as I don't believe as he could snap any one's 'ead off with a twist of 'is tail, as they says he will when loose.

So I says, "Joe, I've 'eard a deal about that goriller, as your father did used to read about but never know'd as he was from Merryker."

Joe says, "No! he's a African."

"Well," I says, "I don't 'old with them

Africans, for I'm sure a glass or two of their wine pretty nigh killed me."

Then I says, "I wants to see that ere crocodile as there was a picter on outside the place, as was stretched all across the street, and showed that crocodile a-carryin' off a black nigger in 'is mouth, as a dog would a bone," for that picter was swingin' out from the top winders of the 'ouses. But, law bless you! when I see the crocodile he wasn't longer than my arm, and kep' in a drop of dirty water, as they say is 'is nat'ral elephant, along with some other poor live things as I pitied, partickler a young woman as 'ad overgrown 'erself, tho' no more a giant than me, and a fat baby, as a little soap and water wouldn't 'ave 'urt. They was all a-goin' to act a play together.

I says, "I should like for to see that, as I well remember seein' an elephant perform on the stage, just for all the world like a Christian."

So Joe says, "It ain't the animals as is goin' to act, but 'uman beans."

So I says, "As I didn't care about it;" for I see by a picter of it as it were all about murders, as is things I don't 'old with.

So we went to see the wax-work, as is wonderful, tho' I can't say but what them 'Merrykin generals looked werry much knocked about, and as to Queen Victoria, she is dreadful changed since I saw her alive a-hopenin' Parlyment, but them sogers will wear any one out; but why ever that Hemptress of the French should be that shabby I can't think, as in course is nat'ral in them 'Merrykin generals, as fightin' will spile any one's clothes, for I says to Joe as he often come 'ome with 'is clothes all tore and dirty, thro' fightin' with other boys.

They said as there were thousands of cur'osities in that Museum, so I says, "Well, it ain't much like a Museum to my mind." But there was crowds there, and one party was a-sayin' as he was not at all amused.

I says, "Xousé me, but you don't come to a Museum for to be amused, but for to 'ave your mind improved." Well, if that feller didn't burst out a larfin' in my face, and said "Guess you're a regular old greenhorn!" as was like 'is manners.

So I says, "Joe, I'm that tired as I'd rather go 'ome;" and so we did, and I don't think as ever I were more tired in my born days. And when I told Brown as I'd see a live goriller, he only says "Walker!" as I considers a rude remark, so I didn't tell 'im no more about it.

### The Wrestling Arena of Paris.

No visitor to Paris has failed to notice enormous placards, with a mammoth engraving of two muscular wrestlers engaged in a desperate trial of strength and skill. They are advertisements of the "Arène Athlétique," in the Rue Polletier, where the trials of strength and skill indicated in the big placards take place every night in the week. Very few foreigners, however, seem to have taken the trouble to visit the "Arène Athlétique," and very few probably of the Parisians themselves know what goes on there. Mr. George Wilkes, of *The Spirit of the Times*, was nevertheless induced to pay it a visit, principally, it would appear, for want of something better to do, and was agreeably surprised at what he saw. Instead of a dingy ring, lighted with fetid "dips," and crowded with "roughs" and rowdies, he found himself in "a neat amphitheatre, containing rising rows of seats, around a carpeted area of about the dimensions of a twenty-four foot ring." As to the audience, or perhaps we should say, witnesses, "the male portion was made up of men evidently of cultivation," and the women, of whom there were a considerable number, "were unmistakably good people."

While yet puzzling myself with the unexpected composition of the company, a very gentlemanly person, in full evening dress, stepped into the arena and proclaimed the opening of the performance, in the shape of a combat between Monsieur St. Marcier and Monsieur Paulin. Immediately upon the announcement, two men, who, with the exception of narrow-breasted clothes, were entirely naked, entered the ring and made their obeisance to the audience. There was no reception given to them; no demonstration or expression of any sort. There was merely a lively evidence of curiosity as the company scrutinized their points, similar to what is exhibited by spectators on a race-course, when the horses are brought out to start. The men walked around the ring for two or three minutes, basking in the public admiration, and then facing each other, quickly rushed together and made a succession of rapid efforts to heave each other down. Their style of wrestling is entirely different from ours, the combatants not being permitted to take hold below the waist, while any use of the legs for the purposes of a trip is rigorously ruled as foul. The result of this style is, consequently, a development of main strength rather than of science, for the whole man must be either lifted by a "lock" which may be taken around the chest or neck, or be wrenched down to the earth by superior force. Every muscle of the men is thus brought into play, and whatever there is of power in the human frame must come to the surface for the study of the locker-on. As the gladiators strove together, you could at times hear their very joints crack within them, and it was not unusual to see one of them thrown feet upward in the air, for an apparently inevitable landing on the head. By great adroitness, however, the combatant thus greeted generally managed to squirm in his descent so as to strike the ground obliquely, and then by a quick use of his feet to prevent himself from being turned upon the back. To be cast in that way constitutes a throw; but it must be fair and square, and prone upon the back, for its whole length, and not simply a mere touching of the shoulders, to be conclusive. When a contest was thus brought to a termination, the audience would reward the conqueror by a light clapping of hands, much in style of opera applause, and if both were deemed to have acquitted themselves particularly well, victor and vanquished would be called back for a repetition of their approbation. We soon took a deep interest in these contests. They were evidently honest struggles; and as the size of the combatants enlarged with every new couple, there was a corresponding growth to our excitement. The fourth combat was between a very brawny Ajax of the name of Gascoigne, and a negro of a deep chocolate color, who was announced as Monsieur James. The former was one of the ugliest men extant, but the latter was the finest specimen of physical beauty I have ever seen either in life or marble. He stood full six feet high, and had that wedge-like form from his broad shoulders down, which distinguishes the Apollo Belvidere. He was without a fault from crown to toe, and his head and neck were carried with a Roman dignity. Even his features were regular, being free from the offensive central protrusion of the negro facial angle, and it was with difficulty I could persuade myself he was not a Moor. Nevertheless, I was assured he was a negro, hailing from Philadelphia. A buzz of admiration went through the house as this fellow walked around the ring in conscious grandeur. It was evident he was a favorite; and it was clear, also, that his ill-favored antagonist recognized that fact by yielding him plenty of time for his conceit. A keen observer, however, who studied the hairy monster closely,

might have detected on his lips a lurking sneer which seemed to say, "Oh, take your fill of this black beauty now, but I shall be thought the best looking man of the two when the combat is over!" It proved to be so, for the negro was vanquished after a long and desperate struggle. Nevertheless, when he was called back after the ovation which justice was obliged to render to the ugly victor, he was pampered with much the largest share of the applause. It was during this contest I discovered the philosophy of the Arène Athlétique, through a remark made by a gentleman behind me. He was pointing out to a friend the superb points of the black gladiator, and he wound up with the expression that Monsieur James was a perfect reproduction of the Farnese Hercules. A sudden light broke in upon me. The problem was solved. This was a School of Art, and not an arena for pugilistic brutes; and the audience was in the main composed of sculptors, painters, and the lovers of those and kindred arts. The little ladies, too, who had puzzled me so much, were, doubtless, also students of the same professions; and I fancied I could detect two or three of them as members of that industrious division which one may always find copying the great pictures at the Tuileries and Louvre.

"The chief feature of the evening, however, was the appearance of a man in a mask, who was unknown to the managers of the establishment, and who had come here to-night in pursuance of a challenge which he had sent, *en amateur*, to the champions of the arena. I was not made aware of this feature of the entertainment until during the progress of the second battle. The theory of the person who communicated it was, that the masked man was some gentleman, or, perhaps, even a nobleman, who, having a passion for athletic sports, had taken this singular method of enjoying his superiority *incog*. My notion was, however, that it was a trick of business to which the managers were parties, and I therefore did not anticipate any great exploit. But the audience evidently had a different estimation of the matter. I heard frequent allusions to *l'homme masqué* all through the evening; and, finally, when the master of ceremonies announced that he had arrived, the amphitheatre was stirred by unmistakable evidences of excitement. The two gladiators who were facing the ring, and in the very climax of a tremendous struggle, at once left off, in concession to the superior demands of the mysterious amateur. No sooner had they retired, however, than a young giant, who was announced as Monsieur Fonet, stepped forth, and commenced slouching leisurely around the circle. This formidable fellow stood at least six feet three, and though there was no waste flesh about him, he must have weighed two hundred and twenty or thirty pounds. The muscle bunched all over him in great clots of power, and his broad shoulder-blades, exceeding all usual development, seemed to have been cast in some iron-foundry for a man-of-war. He was a real antagonist to look at, and the spectators evinced concern for his opponent by expressions of fearful admiration. After he had been in the ring about two minutes, there was a stir in one of the passages, opposite that which gave ingress to the professional, and the crowd being parted by the efforts of a gendarme, a figure emerged from it, shrouded in complete black, and lightly stepped into the arena. His first act was to sit down on the edge of the ring and slip off his shoes. He then rose, took off his cloak, and, handing it to a female attendant, appeared in complete white hose, with the exception of the head and face, which were covered by a black hood and cowl. Not even the color of his hair was to be seen under the disguise, and the only thing which was his hands. As he stepped forward to the centre of the ring I scrutinized him very closely. He stood over six feet high, or, as I guessed, about six feet and an inch. Though not so large as Fonet, he was more round in body, and there was a general look of thickness, allied to symmetry, which betokened a world of hidden strength. He probably would not scale within twenty pounds of the professional, but his weight lay upon his points, and being thus happily disposed, it represented a strength that belonged to a man of twenty or thirty pounds more. His limbs were graceful, but his loins, instead of showing the Apollonian delicacy which is noticeable in Hecaton, and which had been so much admired this evening in Monsieur James, were braced up with broad bands of muscle, which would obviously enable him to stand the wear and tear of a protracted struggle. I particularly noticed that his feet were small, with a high arching instep, and that his hands, though neither small nor large, were very white.

"I was impressed by the man at once, and as he placed his left hand into the great rough paw of Fonet, I instinctively took sides with him. But he did not need any aid. Fonet rushed upon him with a terrible impetuosity, and with an evident doubt of his own ultimate resources, endeavored to carry him off his feet by a *coup de main*. Grasping him around the neck with one brawny arm, and nailing his right hand with the other, the giant rallied him by rapid bounds across the ring, until he had him nearly capsize among the audience; but just at this critical moment Fonet's body happened to be a shadow out of line, and this being felt by the *masqué*, he whirled the giant off his feet, and in the next moment the two men landed beside each other on the floor. But the *masqué*, in this new situation, was too quick for his antagonist; he succeeded in getting himself partly up and over him, next he wound his arms around Fonet's body, and then, by a deadly, unrelenting pressure, which the giant vainly endeavored to resist, he forced him slowly over and over, until, by a final wrench, he laid him on his back. There was great applause at this result, but the *masqué*, not paying any heed to it, merely paused to have his cloak thrown over his shoulders by the female in attendance, and then hurried out, protected from any intrusive following by the officers in attendance.

"I have seen this man at the arena on five occasions since, but each of these subsequent combats were attended with the same results. I have been convinced, moreover, by the manner of them, that they were all *bona-fide* battles; and I consider that this opinion of mine ought to be better than the mere surmises of any one who was not there to see. I venture no idea upon the question as to who the man may be, but the fact that his contests have been scrutinized by the shrewdest men in Paris, who had paid their five francs to the management for the privilege of looking on, is a pretty conclusive evidence that there is no humbug in the matter. I have seen editors, actors, members of the Jockey Club, and the leading wits of Paris largely present, and it is ridiculous to suppose that such a set of persons would assist, night after night, in a gross imposture, or permit themselves so constantly to be deceived. Another proof of the integrity of the proceedings is, that, though the management of the arena was coining money by the masked man's contests, he refuses any longer to appear, unless some champion shall be produced who has 'gone through' the experts like himself. He retires, because, like Alexander, he has no more worlds to conquer. The masked wrestler, therefore, takes established rank with many other of the world's mysteries, and a new counterpart is added to the question of 'Who is Junius?'"

REV. MR. —, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, is a bachelor. Noticing early in the season that one of his members, a married lady, was not at meeting for several Sabbaths, he called to ask the reason. As her reply was somewhat evasive, he surmised that she "had nothing to wear," and said:

"You are waiting for your spring bonnet, I suppose."

Weeks passed, and still she did not make her appearance. He therefore thought he would call again. Approaching the house, he saw her sitting at the open window, and blandly remarked:

"I haven't seen you at church yet; hasn't that spring bonnet come?"

"Yes, sir," she archly replied. "Shall I show it to you?"

"If you please," answered the wondering pastor.

Holding up a wee bit of a baby, she said, blushing:

"This is the spring bonnet I was waiting for—did I do right?"

In an obituary notice of an old citizen a country paper says:

"He was honest and industrious until enfeebled by disease and age."



### Van Stavoren's Mammoth Solar Camera "Jupiter," Nashville, Tenn.

This camera is for the purpose of taking large-sized photographs without distortion. In order to do this an apparatus had to be designed and many difficulties overcome. Mr. J. H. Van Stavoren has expended three years of valuable time and three thousand dollars in completing this gigantic instrument, whose field is five feet by eight. The lenses were made by Voightlander, the celebrated maker of lenses in Europe, and so accurately is the instrument completed that it will produce, with equal facility, a common carte de visite or a full-length, natural-size portrait. With the stand, it weighs two tons.

### The British Mail Service in India.

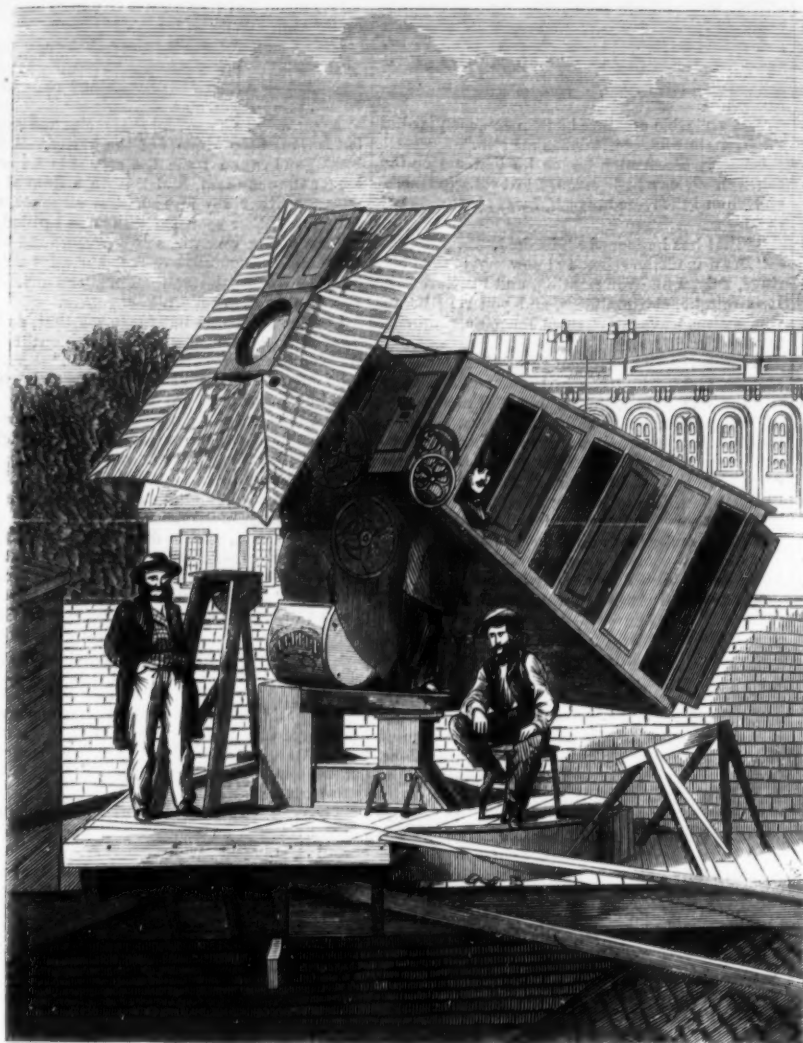
The postal service throughout India is efficiently and economically organized, with a uniform charge of less than one penny for the conveyance of letters to any distance. Where no railway has yet been constructed the mail-cart is employed, as shown in our illustration. It is usually drawn by two horses, one in the shafts and another harnessed alongside; but this arrangement not unfrequently causes the vehicle to capsize. If our Government were equally solicitous about the safe and cheap delivery of our overland mails, we should not be entertained with such paragraphs as the following, taken from an exchange. "The holes in the post-road through Montana are filled up with mail bags."

### The Idol Fish from the Chinese Seas.

We present to our readers an illustration of a unique fish, the first of the kind that has ever been brought to this country. It seems to be of the same species as the skate, or ray fish, but is a distinct variety. It is not described in any book of natural history that we have seen; but its head is so peculiar that it alone would prevent a classification among the flat fish that we are acquainted with. It was brought to this country in the ship Meteor, and was presented by the mate of the ship to Mr. Burroughs, who gave it to Mr. H. Foster, of Troy, New York, in whose possession it died. The illustration is taken from a photograph.

### The Grave of Lola Montez.

In Greenwood Cemetery, in a small, irregular lot, near the highest part of Summit Avenue, and overlooking one of the prettiest of the picturesque lakes, the Crescent Water, stands a plain white marble headstone, surrounded by a simple evergreen hedge. The modest inscription on the stone tells the history of her who sleeps beneath, and would scarcely divert the attention of the curious visitor from the costly tombs and imposing monuments which are clustered thickly around. "Mrs. Elisa Gilbert, died Jan. 17, 1861, Aet 42," is the legend. Not much, certainly, to stimulate curiosity or awaken remembrance; and yet of all the thousands who sleep in this hallowed ground, few were, while living, more widely known, or exercised a greater influence on the time in which they lived, than the occupant of this unpretentious grave, for here lie the mortal remains of Lola Montez, Countess of Lands-



VAN STAVOREN'S MAMMOTH SOLAR CAMERA "JUPITER," NASHVILLE, TENN.

Plan of Iguala, but their real objects were soon manifest. There were three parties—the Bourbons, who adhered to the sovereignty of Spain; the republicans, who comprised all the old insurgent leaders; and the partisans of Iturbide, who desired his elevation to the throne. When the treaty of Cordova reached Spain, it was at once rejected by the Cortes, and with it fell the Bourbon party in Mexico. The struggle now lay be-

employed against Apodaca. Among the most trusted of his friends was General Santa Anna, the Governor of Vera Cruz; but on some suspicions of his fidelity, Iturbide decided to remove him. Being apprised of this intention, Santa Anna assembled his forces, harangued them on the misconduct of the emperor, and urged them to join him in proclaiming a republic. No sooner said than done. Guadalupe Victoria, whose name was a tower of strength, descended from his mountain hiding-place to join him. General Echavari, who was sent against him by Iturbide, and who more than once defeated him, was won over to his side. And on the 1st of February, a decree called the Act of Casa-Mata, arranged by the three generals, and establishing a republic, was promulgated.

The power of Iturbide dwindled away as rapidly as it had grown. The whole country was soon in arms against him. Guerrero, Bravo, and the other generals declared for the Act of Casa-Mata. Why the emperor yielded without a blow, is not very clear. His personal courage was undoubted; but all confidence was undermined by constant defections from his ranks. He placed his abdication in the hands of the Congress, and it was at length accepted. He was furnished with a vessel in which to sail for Lughorn, and assigned a yearly pension of twenty-five thousand dollars.

Rather more than a year after his departure from the country, on the 14th of July, 1824, a British vessel touched at Santander, and the following day two gentlemen, calling themselves Poles—Count Charles Bencksi and a friend—landed at Soto la Marina, and visited La Garza, the commandant of the district. They begged permission to travel into the interior, and it was conceded; but the suspicions of La Garza were excited, and as soon as the count's friend was stripped of his disguise, he proved to be Iturbide. The unhappy man had been invited by some of his partisans to return, and he had complied. The State Legislature was then sitting, and immediately gave orders for his execution. No respite for appeal to the Congress was allowed him. He was led out on the evening of the 19th, and fell, pierced by four bullets.

A strange spectacle followed his execution. His body was followed to the grave by the Congress which had ordered him to be shot, and the man who had been executed as a traitor to his country was mourned by the government as a public benefactor.

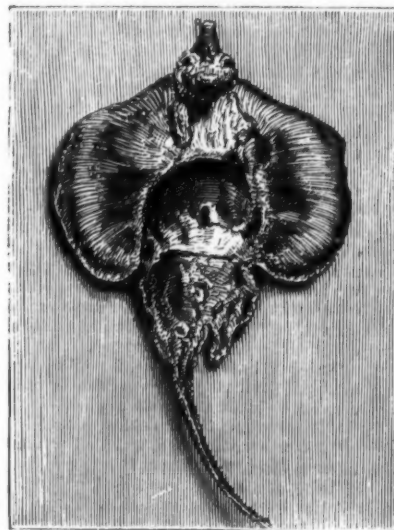
### A Visit to the Dead Sea.

It was in the middle of March that the writer, accompanied by two friends, arrived at Jaffa, on a visit to the Holy Land. There we procured our "Arab steeds"—mine happened to be a shrewy old gray, but the rest of them, for friends, dragoman, servants, muleteers, &c., were the sorriest pack that ever were seen. But let this pass. We were under tents, and at last en route for Jerusalem. Through the stupidity of our dragoman, we lost our tents the first night, and had to encamp under borrowed canvas on the hill of Beth-o-ren, where Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still. Once at Jerusalem, encamped outside the Jaffa gate, we experienced one of those terrific Syrian storms which sometimes burst in the spring-time upon the Holy Land with all the force of heavenly wrath. I was ill at the time with a fever, our tent-pole snapped, down came our canvas house, and I was wrapped in my windingsheet before the breath was quite out of my body; and, if I recovered from my sickness under those circumstances, I attribute my cure altogether to the hydropathic treatment.

After I was well enough to mount my mad gray, said, I made the usual trip around Jerusalem, across the Wilderness of Judea to the plain of Jericho and the banks of the Jordan, thence to the Dead Sea, and back again to the Holy City by way of the Convent of Mar Saba. On this trip we had to be accompanied by a Bedouin guard, as well as by our own armed muleteers and private servants; and any travelers who are foolish enough to make the trip without the Arab sheiks, will surely "fall among thieves" going down to Jericho. The Dead Sea is an impressive memory that remains with me, after the glorious temples of the Nile, and the holy places of Jerusalem have each taken their position of relative interest in my mind. On approaching this

wondrous sheet of water, the mirage is so great that, even while you are an hour's ride from it, you seem to be upon its very border. The morning I saw it, melancholy fitly reigned in sky and air; my horse's hoofs sank into the ashes of the plain, that, dry and yielding, gave back no sound. As if overawed by the scene, our party became silent, and our hearts, oppressed by the atmosphere, beat heavily in our breasts; the muleteers were too far off for us to hear the jangling music of the bells on the asses' necks; and, undisturbed, we rode on like a company of phantoms, to a horrible rendezvous with the buried dead on the borders of this heaven-accursed lake. Even the Arabs ceased their wild, rude chants, and trailed their tufted spears idly through the ashy ground, plunged in a strange sad "kief."

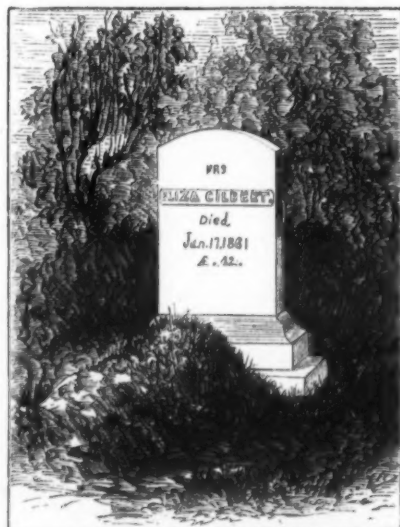
On the right hand stretched the curving, desolate mountains of the bare Wilderness of Judea; to the left leaped the yellow Jordan, at the base of the Mountains of Moab—this holy river flying from the Dead Sea as if its sluggish waves would poison its sacred heart. Behind us the mud village of the Arabs, which men call Jericho to-day, as it was named eighteen hundred years ago; but before us a heavy curtain of leaden mist hung from the very clouds to the margin of the Dead Sea. It almost seemed as if it was looped to the Mountains of Judea and Moab on either side of the straggling beams of sunlight, which even would creep in, spite of this desolation of nature; yet nothing can describe to you the awful sadness of the lake itself. There it lies, waveless, motionless, like a molten lead cover (sealing down Sodom and Gomorrah), with the stamp of God's eternal wrath upon it. No plash of waves upon the shore; no music of a beating surf; no plaints from the sea's melancholy heart; nothing but the melancholy of silence, the dumb and speechless grief which is the saddest of all. Then tasting the water, it is salt, it is sulphurous, and altogether sickly, with a taste that you will think of ever after. Not a sign of life upon it; no boats with



THE IDOL FISH FROM THE CHINESE SEAS.

their plash of oars; no sailors with their pleasant songs, no fishermen upon its banks—alas! no fish can live in these waters—and this is the Dead Sea, a crawling horror in the desert, and a wrath in the Wilderness.

The Florida reefs are built up by an insect that begins to work on the ground in water of twelve or fifteen fathoms deep, and he cannot live unless he has the constant action of the open sea upon him, so that he stops at the height of high tide. By numerous experiments it has been ascertained that the coral-builder constructs at about the rate of half an inch in a century; but in order to err, if at all, on the safe side, Agassiz doubles his estimate in his calculations, making it an inch in a century. Now, outside of the Florida Keys, there is a long reef with an average height of seventy feet, which, therefore, must have been begun 7,000 years ago, or 1,000 years before Adam. Secondly, the Keys themselves are nothing but an inner reef-reef of the same sort of coral reefs, of at least the same average height; and the builders must have finished them before they began the outside reef, as appears from the necessity of having the open sea, and from the fact that there are none outside of the one we have



THE GRAVE OF LOLA MONTEZ IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

mentioned above. The Keys, therefore swell the record to 14,000 years. Next, we have the shore bluff of the main land, which is also of the same coral construction, and which carries the earth's record above 30,000 years. Moreover, there are, as you go inland, seven well defined and, of course, successive coral reefs, which, added to the foregoing, would make the work 70,000 years old. And Professor Agassiz regards this as a very moderate estimate.



THE BRITISH MAIL SERVICE IN INDIA.

felt. A young oak tree throws its kindly shadow across her grave, and the faint plash of a neighboring fountain is her gentle requiem. Some unknown friends have made it their self-appointed task to see that the little lot is kept in order.

### The First Mexican Empire.

ALL intelligent readers are probably aware that the attempt of Maximilian to found an empire in Mexico, was not the first attempt in that direction. In 1824 Iturbide, one of the leaders of the revolutionary war, was proclaimed emperor. The story of his short rule and tragic end may be briefly told. The independence of Mexico was signed on August 24, 1821. The army entered Mexico on the 27th of September, and a provisional regency of five, with Iturbide for president, immediately assumed the direction of affairs. A junta, composed of thirty-six persons, was appointed to contrive a scheme for electing a Congress, and Iturbide was created Generalissimo and Lord High Admiral, with a yearly stipend of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

In drawing up a constitution, there was a struggle for the mastery between the republicans and monarchists. The republicans gained the day. Iturbide desired to have two chambers, but it was resolved to have but one; and the Congress, thus constituted, met February 24, 1822. Each member swore to maintain the

tween the other two. Violent recriminations and personalities disgraced the proceedings of the Congress. All the discontents and animosities that have since ruined Mexico, appeared in full activity; there was no self-restraint, no moderation. At length, on the 18th of May, 1822, the army and the mob proclaimed Iturbide emperor, who, after a brief show of resistance, accepted the crown.

Augustine I.—such was the new emperor's title—swore to be faithful to the constitution, and the Congress sanctioned his coronation. He reigned but ten months. No sooner had he seized upon the throne, than Guerrero, Bravo and Victoria, republican leaders, retired to the country, and began to organize their followers against him. Nor were his acts likely to gain him fresh adherents. He was intoxicated by success. He demanded a veto on the articles of the constitution; he squandered the public treasure, and in violation of his own scheme, proposed military tribunals similar to those which the constitution of 1821 had destroyed. When this proposition was rejected by the Congress, he arrested fourteen of the deputies, and thus made the breach irreparable between himself and the representative assembly. Finally, on the 30th of October, he dissolved the Congress, and appointed a junta of forty-five persons selected by himself in its room.

These proceedings naturally occasioned much discontent, and Iturbide in his turn became a victim to treachery, very similar to that which he had himself



HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



SCENE OF THE RECENT TERRIFIC BOILER EXPLOSION ON CANAL STREET, CHICAGO.

HOME INCIDENTS. &c.

**Terrific Boiler Explosion at Chicago, Ill.**  
Last week the most appalling calamity that has ever befallen the city of Chicago came upon it in the shape



A BEAR AND BULL FIGHT IN OMAHA.

frame houses, which immediately blazed up, and in spite of the best efforts of the firemen building after building fell a prey to the flames. The total loss cannot fall far short of \$75,000. It is said that the inspector of steam boilers for the City of Chicago had notified Mr. Marple that his boilers were not safe, but that he neglected to have them replaced.

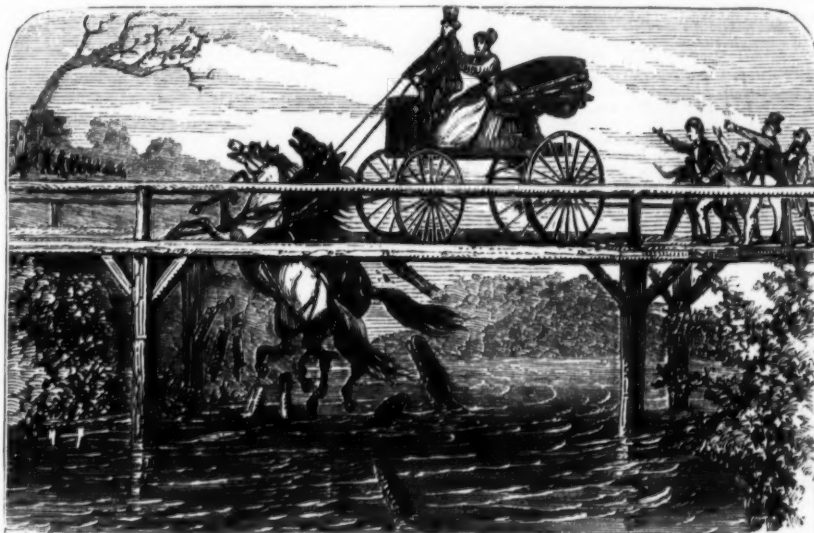
**A Bear and Bull Fight in Omaha.**

Omaha City, on the 19th ult., was the scene of a fight between a grizzly bear and a Mexican bull. The two animals were secured to the separate ends of a chain, and this was secured in the middle by a long rope to a strong stake driven firmly into the ground. At three o'clock the bear was let out of his cage. The moment the bull saw him he made fiercely for him, knocked him down and trampled him badly. Three or four bouts of this kind occurred, each time the bull having the advantage, until at length he thrust one of his horns into the bear's mouth. This was too much, and by a powerful effort the bear broke his chain and tried to



THREE HOURS COMBAT WITH AN ELEPHANT.

of a frightful boiler explosion which killed eight persons. The two boilers in the flouring mills of Ellis & Harpe exploded simultaneously, leaving not a brick or beam of the entire structure in its proper position. The explosion scattered the furnace fires on the adjoining



AN ACCIDENT AND NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH AT BEACH'S BRIDGE, OVER THE BLACK RIVER, PORTTOWN, MICH.

escape, running toward the spectators, who had formed a ring around the arena. Women screamed, children cried, men hallooed and made most hasty preparations to get out of the way of the bear, and confusion reigned supreme until his keeper caught him with a lasso and got him back into his cage.

**A Three Hours' Fight With an Elephant.**

Tippoo Sahib, the largest elephant in America, was the subject of a novel and furious combat of three hours' duration in Indiana a few days ago. The elephant had become intensely hostile to all visitors, and was in the habit of striking at every person who approached his quarters in a most vicious manner. The cause of his sudden cruel disposition was a change in his keepers. On the morning of the desperate encounter, the new keeper equipped himself and his assistants with a twenty-ton chain for tying and a quantity of spears and pitchforks for subjugating the infuriated elephant. A brick was fastened to the end of a rope, and thrown over the tusk-chain, fastened to

one leg and a tusk. By this means the immense chain, formerly used to subdue the veteran Hannibal, was slip-noosed around the tusk. An excavation of several feet was made under the wall of the house occupied by the animal, through which the chain was passed and secured to heavy stakes outside. The hind legs were next pinioned by strong ropes, and the order "charge pitchforks" was given. Ten men then attacked the elephant with their spears and long iron hooks, directing their thrusts to a spot behind the fore-legs, which is regarded as the most sensitive point on an elephant's body. After an obstinate fight of an hour, Tippoo was brought to his knees, and at the end of three hours he gave the peculiar cry which indicated his subjugation. He was then as gentle and submissive to his new keeper as he had been to the commands of the old one, and all the unusual shackles were removed.

**Iowa Soldiers' Orphans' Home.**

This Home, for the orphans of the soldiers that fell in the rebellion, was the first of the kind established in

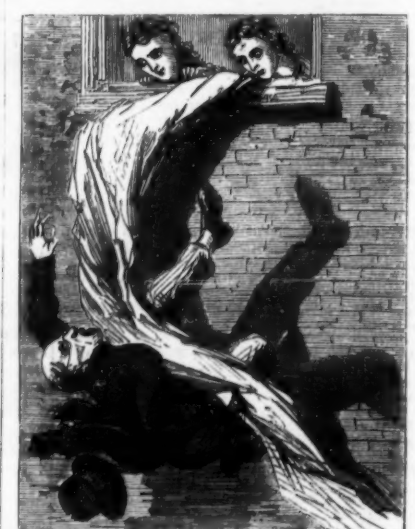


SINGULAR COLLISION BETWEEN A SHIP AND A HOUSE, AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

centre of the bridge the timbers and plank gave way, and the horses plunged through the bridge, leaving the carriage standing still. Nothing saved a total loss of the horses, the carriage and its occupants, but the accident of the pole of the carriage extending across



A SHOOTING AFFAIR IN BALTIMORE.



A LESSON FOR DAD.

the pole through which the horses had fallen, so that the horses were held up by the main strength of the harness. His lady companion sprang from the carriage, and ran about half a mile to a farm-house for help. When aid arrived the harness was cut and the horses



IOWA SOLDIERS' ORPHAN HOME AT CEDAR FALLS, IOWA.



THE OLD CITY HALL AT BALTIMORE, MD., NOW BEING DEMOLISHED.



dropped into the water below, thus rescuing them from their perilous position. The team was one of the finest in the country, and had just taken the premium at the State Fair as being the best driving team in the State.

#### Singular Collision Between a House and a Ship at Portsmouth, N. H.

The launch of the ship *Yo-Semite* was a success. Everything, including the ship, went off smoothly; but on taking her to the dock where she was to be finished, the tide swung her round so sharply that her bow knocked down the house of a poor woman who made her living by renting it to six or eight "Riverside-characters" who were variously wounded, none seriously, however, but an old blind woman who will probably not recover from the shock. In such a case would an accidental insurance company be liable for the damage?

#### A Shooting Affair in Baltimore.

A dastardly outrage was perpetrated in front of the Maltby House, at Baltimore, on the 14th ultimo, by a son and nephew of General Henry A. Wise, in violation of that gentleman's honor. It appears that, in his "History of the War," Mr. Pollard, of Richmond, Va., had made a statement concerning the military reputation of General Wise, at which the latter became quite indignant, and publicly expressed his dissatisfaction. To this Mr. Pollard responded in a lengthy editorial, in which he stated that Wise was displeased with the history because it did not give him sufficient prominence. On the morning of the assault the Messrs. Wise repaired to Baltimore, for the avowed purpose of shooting the historian. Accosting the object of their search, they demanded his name, and on being informed, the son, John A. Wise, drew a revolver and fired, the ball taking effect in Mr. Pollard's right arm. Several shots were exchanged, when Mr. Pollard retiring into one of the rooms of the hotel, put an end to the conflict. The assailants were promptly arraigned before a magistrate, and bailed in \$3,000 each, to appear before the Grand Jury.

#### A Lesson for Dad.

An old farmer has entered the lists against Cupid, and as usual, the god of Love has been victorious. Stern parents read the following, and learn wisdom before it is too late. When the young men were forbidden to visit the cage where this foolish farmer tried to imprison his beautiful birds, Cupid advised strategy; so after the old man had retired to rest, the girls hung out a sheet from the window, and by its aid drew up their lovers. But one night the old man spied the sheet and tried to pull it down. The girls supposing that darling Bob or darling Jim had arrived, began to hoist, until the head of the old man appeared over the window-sill, then dropping the sheet with the exclamation, "Oh, Lord, it's dad!" down went the old man on the hard stones and gravel below, dislocating one of his shoulders. During his confinement with the injury, dad capitulated, and soon became a father-in-law.

#### The Old City Hall at Baltimore, Md.

One by one the old landmarks and souvenirs of a former generation are being removed, to be supplanted by palatial residences and warehouses of astonishing proportions. Venerable buildings, upon which our honored predecessors looked with a spirit of laudable pride, have been sacrificed to the necessities of commercial enterprise. If our interests may be advanced by demolishing structures which have become as familiar to us as our homes, we do not stand upon the order of their destruction, but scatter the bricks and mortar in a manner frightful to any one unacquainted with the spirit of American progress. A few weeks ago we gave an illustration of laying the corner-stone of a new City Hall in Baltimore, Maryland, and now we have a representation of the old hall, which is to be torn down and succeeded by other and more ornate buildings. There is certainly nothing remarkable in the appearance of the doomed edifice, yet, as the place where the sagacity of an exhausted generation was displayed for the public good, there are associations connected with it that, in the eyes of the "oldest inhabitant" makes its removal an act allied to desecration.

Nothing has more gratified us of late than a visit to Messrs. Anthony's great Stereoscopic Emporium near the St. Nicholas. The entire Paris Exposition is there reproduced for the gratification of those who could not cross the sea. Switzerland, with its glaciers, valleys, and snow-clad peaks; the Pyrenees, with frowning rocks, and picturesque gorges; the rugged Highlands of the Scottish clans; the Rhine, with all its beauties and memories; all Europe, with its palaces, statues, cities, lakes and streams; America, Asia, Africa, the whole world, is there spread before you in vivid relief and reality. Our readers will be obliged to us for letting them know that they can buy at retail from this magnificent stock. The Messrs. Anthony make all visitors welcome, whether they purchase or not.

**GERBRICK.**—Wm. H. Gerbrick, late a soldier in the 15th Iowa, desires information of his father and mother, Jacob and Mary Gerbrick, formerly of Somerset and York counties, Pennsylvania. When last heard from, in 1847, they were in Pittsburgh, Pa. Any information will be gladly received by their son, William H. Gerbrick, Chicago, Ill. All papers in the United States are respectfully requested to copy.

"Look on this picture, and then on that."

Here you behold the infirm step, The pallid cheek, wasting form, Untasted food, and a social atmosphere Poisoned with the tales of aches, pains, Sleepless nights, and mental despondency. There, laughing health, sparkling eyes, Elastic steps, craving appetite, forgotten cares, Genial thought and ambitious resolves Show the contrast and mark the picture.

One took the PLANTATION BITTERS—the other didn't. They are very beneficial for weak and delicate persons.

**MAGNOLIA WATER.**—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne and at half the cost.

**No Remedy in the World ever came** into such universal use, or has so fully won the confidence of mankind, as **AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL** for the cure of Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

#### Dr. Felix Gouraud's ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP,

It is well known, cures Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Salt-Rheum, Barber's Itch, Chaps, Chafes, Tender Flesh, etc., besides being the very best Shaving Compound ever invented. **GOUBAUD'S POUDRE SUBILE** uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lip, or any part of the body, safely and quickly—warranted. **LIQUID ROUGE**, for pale lips and cheeks. **LILYWHITE**, for flushed, red and heated faces. Found at DR. GOUBAUD'S old established depot, 453 Broadway.

The purity and efficacy of the above preparations have been endorsed by tens of thousands, who have used them the past twenty-seven years.

#### The Barnum & Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie Co.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets. OPEN FROM SUNRISE TILL 10 P. M. Performances in the Lecture Room each day, commencing at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. **MILNES LEVICK'S NEW DRAMA, THE UNION PRISONER; OR, THE PATRIOT'S DAUGHTER. THE ONLY LIVING GORILLA** in captivity.

To be seen at all hours. A very attractive and comprehensive collection of BEAUTIFUL TROPICAL FISH. **GORDON CUMMING'S** the Lion-slayer's COLLECTION. A MAMMOTH FAT INFANT. A GIANTESS, A DWARF, A CIRCASSIAN GIRL. Prof. HUTCHINGS, LIGHTNING CALCULATOR, FAT LADY, LEOPARD CHILD, LEARNED SEAL, HAPPY FAMILY, LIVING SEA LEOPARDS, SNAKES, MONKEYS. VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S Immense collection of LIVING WILD ANIMALS. Embracing the most prominent, wonderful, and attractive specimens of animated nature ever exhibited. Can be seen day and night. Admission to the whole, 30 cents; Children under ten, 5 cents.

#### New Publications.

**THE NEW ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—THE PEN AND PENCIL**, sent to any address three weeks without pay. Postage only 5 cents for three months, payable at the office where received. T. R. DAWLEY & CO., Publishers, 26 Ann street, N. Y.

**PARIS IN '67; OR, THE GREAT EXPOSITION, ITS SIDE-SHOWS AND EXCURSIONS.** By HENRY MORFORD. Handsome 12mo., 400p. GEORGE W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers. Ready about 1st December.

**PROF. BLOT'S GREAT WORK ON COOKING**, is now ready. 1 vol., 12mo. Price, \$2. D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 443 & 445 Broadway, New York. Sent by mail, free by mail, on receipt of price.

**EMPEROR JOSEPHINE.**—A Historical Sketch of the Days of Napoleon. Illustrated with Eight Engravings by Louis Muhlbach. 1 vol., 8vo. Paper Cover, \$1.50; Cloth, \$2. D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 443 & 445 Broadway, New York. Sent free, by mail, on receipt of price.

**SEND EARLY ORDERS** to your Bookseller or to the Publishers for the First No. of PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE, a Wide-Awake, High-Toned, National Work, in which our most Eminent Writers are enlisted, to secure the Best Literature and Purest Entertainment for cultivated readers and the FAMILY CIRCLE. Mr. MOTLEY, the historian, Mr. [Ex-Sec.] STANTON, and many others of that stamp are among the promised contributors. The first No. has EIGHTEEN articles of timely interest, including a brilliant CHRISTMAS STORY, and a new and striking Serial TALE OF TO-DAY. G. P. PUTNAM & SON, 661 Broadway, New York.

**NEW ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY, 1868.**—Marriage of Cousins; its effects. Whom to Marry. Right Age. Jealousy, causes and cure. Bismarck, Disraeli, Victor Hugo, Henry Wilson, Miss Bradton, Kings and Queens. "Two Paths in Womanhood." "How to Read Character." 25 cents; sent, post-paid, by R. R. WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

**THE HOLIDAY JOURNAL** of Parlor Plays, Magic Sports, Games, Experiments, Problems, Puzzles, etc., WILL BE SENT FREE. Address ADAMS & CO., Publishers, Boston.



**THE Advertiser**, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address **Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,** Williamsburgh, Kings County, New York. **ew536-8**

**Holloway's Ointment.**—Even when this balm for external diseases is applied LAST of a hundred so-called cures, it effects the desired object. But it should always be the FIRST.

**Catarrh, Pain and Noise in the Head.** NORTON'S CATARRH REMEDY and mode of treatment allays the most painful symptoms in a single night, clears the head, removes offensive discharges, faints breath, &c., and cures the most hopeless cases known. Send stamp for pamphlet to GERRIT NORTON, No. 11 Ann street.

**The American Quilter is the best Machine** for Quilting and Stitching ever made, and the only one that moves over the cloth. Price, \$6. Will last a lifetime. Every lady needs it. Agents wanted. Circulars free. J. W. MAJOR, General Agent, 43 Pine street, New York.

#### HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

A new article, the "Recherche" "Stationery Case" of elegant Perfumed Paper. Sample case by mail, 50 cts. Trade supplied. Send for Circular. **HASKINS & CO.,** 36 Beekman street, N. Y.

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#### ASTONISHING.

**MADAME MAURICE**, from Corsica, can produce by means of the Homoeopoe, a true likeness of your future husband or wife, with name, pecuniary circumstances, occupation, felicity of married life, and your entire destiny. Thousands of testimonials attest her ability, and she will willingly return your money if her predictions prove untrue. State your age, color of hair and eyes, and complexion, and enclose 50 cents in postpaid envelope, and receive all particulars by return mail. Address in confidence, **MADAME MAURICE**, Box 12, Fultonville, N. Y.

#### Vitis, Vitas.

#### SARSAPARILLIAN.

1 BETTER THAN 10!

A NEW PRINCIPLE DISCOVERED.

#### R. R. R.

#### RENOVATING RESOLVENT

CONTAINS SARSAPARILLIAN, THE ACTIVE PRINCIPLE OF SARSAPARILLA

Dr. RADWAY has recently discovered a new process for obtaining the extractive substances of medicinal roots, barks, plants, &c., whereby only the pure and active properties are obtained, from which RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT, READY RELIEF, AND REGULATING PILLS are prepared.

One bottle or box of these remedies, prepared under the new process, contains more of the true principle of cure than is secured by 10 of the largest size bottles of sarsaparilla, pain killers, or pills in general use.

#### RADWAY'S RESOLVENT

is composed of SARSAPARILLIAN (the only part of Sarsaparilla Root containing medicinal properties), Hemodesmus Indicus, Loxias Fuci, Taraxacum, and other vegetable extracts (prepared in vacuo) so harmoniously associated that it secures the most perfect remedy for Purifying the Blood, Resolving away Diseased Deposits, Glandular Swellings, curing Chronic, Scrofulous and Syphilitic Diseases, Dissolving Calculous Concretions, Stone in the Bladder and Kidneys; insuring every Man, Woman and Child who uses it **BEAUTY, PURE BLOOD, AND THE VIGOR OF LIFE.**

So swift is the Resolvent in entering into the circulation that it can be detected in the Blood, Urine, and Sweat in ten minutes after it has been taken.

Fair Complexion, Clear Skin, Free from all Eruptions, Tetter, Rash, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Black Spots, Worms, Scurf, and Sores of the Scalp, &c., &c., cured by a few doses, of two teaspoonfuls, three times a day.

Salt Rheum, Ring-Worm, Sores, Humors, Tumors, Glandular Swellings, Strumous Discharges from the Ears, Sore Eyes, Chronic Diseases, Venereal Sores, Syphilis, and all Syphilitic forms of disease, Scrofulic Affections, Rickets, Softening of the Bones, Ulcers, and all corruption expelled from the system by a few bottles.

Calculous Concretions, Bad Habit of Body, Kidney-Bladder, and Urinary diseases, Leucurea, Suppurations, Bloodlessness, cured rapidly by the R. R. Resolvent.

For full particulars of the curative powers of this medicine, and for its remarkable adaptability for the treatment and cure of Calculous, Kidney, Urinary, Skin, and Scrofulous diseases, together with an explanation and causes of these diseases, see Dr. RADWAY'S new medical publication, called "FALSE AND TRUE," and Dr. RADWAY'S ALMANAC for 1868, to be had free of charge of all Druggists, or by addressing Dr. RADWAY & CO., No. 87 Maiden-lane, New York, enclosing one postage stamp.

Dr. RADWAY'S RESOLVENT is a very powerful medicine; one to two teaspoonfuls is a full dose for an adult, and 5 to 20 drops for children from one to fifteen years of age. It is safe, pleasant and active. It is tonic, alterative, diaphoretic, diuretic, lithontriptic, and resolvent. It is the only medicine known to science, administered internally, that possesses the power of dissolving stone or lime concretions.

N. B.—Some of the ingredients of this extraordinary medicine were highly extolled by Sir Benjamin Brodie, Ricord Velpeau, and other distinguished European practitioners, who used them in their crude state in cure of Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, Syphilitic, Scrofula, and other diseases of the skin, bone, &c., and now that all the appliances of science, skill, and pharmaceutical experience has brought to light a new process to secure the active principle of these ingredients freed from their inert and objectionable properties and associated with other ingredients whose medicinal harmony is perfect, renders its curative powers positive. The price of Radway's Renovating Resolvent is One Dollar per bottle, \$5 for half a dozen. Sold by druggists and country merchants, and at Radway & Co.'s Office, No. 87 Maiden-lane, New York.

N. B.—Patients at a distance, by remitting Post-Office order to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden-lane, will receive half a dozen bottles by express. Medical books free. **635-37**

#### "Psychomancy, or Soul-Charming."

How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents, together with a guide to the unmarriage of both sexes. A queer, exciting book. Address **T. WILLIAM & CO.,** Publishers, Philadelphia. **sovif**

#### WRIGHT'S ALCONATED GLYCERIN TABLET OF SOLIDIFIED GLYCERIN

softens and smooths the skin, prevents chapping, imparts beauty and brightness to the complexion, is deliciously fragrant, transparent, and superb as a Toilet Soap. Sold by all Druggists. **632-5-8-41 R. & G. A. WRIGHT, Philadelphia.**

**WATCHES SUPERSEDED.**—THE MAGNETIC TIME INDICATOR AND CHRONOMETER, in a neat case, with glass shade, steel and German silver works, white enameled dial, ordinary watch case, sound and serviceable. Warranted to denote correct time, and keep in order for two years. Where satisfaction is not given, the money will be returned. Sent post-paid for \$1, by **O. A. ROORBACH**, 122 Nassau street, New York.

#### 500 MILES

OF THE

#### Union Pacific Railroad,

Running West from Omaha  
ACROSS THE CONTINENT,  
ARE NOW COMPLETED.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company have built a longer line of railroad in the last eighteen months than was ever built by any other company in the same time, and they will continue the work with the same energy until it is completed. The Western Division is being pushed rapidly eastward from Sacramento by the Central Pacific Company of California, and it is expected that

#### The Entire Grand Line

to the Pacific will be open for business in 1870. MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF THE WORK HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE, MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF THE WHOLE LINE IS NOW IN RUNNING ORDER, AND MORE LABORERS ARE NOW EMPLOYED UPON IT THAN EVER BEFORE. More than

#### Forty Million Dollars in Money

have already been expended by the two powerful companies that have undertaken the enterprise, and there is no lack of funds for its most vigorous prosecution. The available means of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, derived from the Government and its own stockholders, may be briefly summed up as follows:

#### 1.—United States Bonds.

Having thirty years to run, and bearing six per cent. currency interest, at the rate of \$16,000 per mile, for 517 miles on the Plains; then at the rate of \$48,000 per mile, for 150 miles through the Rocky Mountains; then at the rate of \$32,000 per mile for the remaining distance, for which the United States takes a second lien as security.

#### 2.—First Mortgage Bonds.

By its charter the Company is permitted to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as the bonds issued by the Government, and no more, and only as the road progresses.

#### 3.—The Land Grant.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has a land grant or absolute donation from the Government of 12,800 acres to the mile on the line of the road, which will not be worth less than \$1.50 per acre, at the lowest valuation.

#### 4.—The Capital Stock.

The authorized capital of the Union Pacific Railroad Company is \$100,000,000, of which over \$5,000,000 have been paid on the work already done.

#### The Means Sufficient to Build the Road.

Contracts for the entire work of building 914 miles of first-class railroad, west from Omaha, comprising much of the most difficult mountain work, and embracing every expense, except surveying, have been made with responsible parties (who have already finished over 500 miles), at the average rate of sixty-eight thousand and fifty-eight dollars (\$68,058) per mile. This price includes all necessary shops for construction and repairs of cars, depots, stations, and all other incidental buildings, and also locomotives, passenger, baggage, and freight cars, and other requisite rolling-stock, to an amount that shall not be less than \$5,000 per mile. Allowing the cost of the remaining one hundred and eighty-six of the eleven hundred miles assumed to be built by the Pacific Company to be \$90,000 per mile,

#### The Total Cost of Eleven Hundred Miles will be as follows:

914 miles at \$68,058.....\$62,205,612  
186 miles at \$90,000..... 16,740,000  
Add discounts on bonds, surveys, etc..... 4,500,000

Amount.....\$83,445,612

As the United States Bonds are equal to money, and the Company's own First Mortgage Bonds have a ready market, we have as the

#### Available Cash Resources for Building Eleven Hundred Miles:

United States Bonds.....\$29,328,000  
First Mortgage Bonds..... 23,328,000  
Capital Stock paid in on the work now done 5,369,750  
Land Grant, 14,080,000 acres, at \$1.50 per acre 21,120,000

Total.....\$85,145,750

The company have ample facilities for supplying any deficiency that may arise in means for construction. This may be done wholly, or in part, by additional subscriptions to capital stock.

#### Future Business.

The most skeptical have never expressed a doubt that when the Union Pacific Railroad is finished, the immense business that must flow over it, as the only railroad connecting the two grand divisions of the North American Continent, will be one of the wonders of railway transportation; and as it will have no competitor, it can always charge remunerative rates.

#### Earnings from Way Business.

During the quarter ending July 31, an average of 325 miles of the Union and Pacific Railroad was in operation. The Superintendent's Report shows the following result:

#### Earnings.

Passengers, Freight, Telegraph and Mails.....\$723,755 54  
Transportation of Contractors' Materials and Men..... 479,293 41  
Total.....\$1,203,038 95

#### Expenses.

Fuel, Repairs, Offices, Conductors, Trains, etc.....\$395,530 92  
Net Earnings to Balance..... 807,508 03

Total.....\$1,203,038 95

The net operating expenses on the commercial business for the quarter, were \$237,966 50. The account for the COMMERCIAL BUSINESS stands as follows: Earnings for May, June and July.....\$723,755 54  
Expenses " " "..... 237,966 50

Net Profit.....\$485,789 04

The amount of Bonds the Company can issue on 325 miles, at \$16,000 per mile, is \$5,200,000. Interest in gold, three months, at 6 per cent. on this sum, is \$78,000; add 40 per cent. premium to correspond with currency earnings, is \$109,200—showing that the net earnings for this quarter were more than four times the interest on the First Mortgage Bonds on this length of road.

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October 29th, 1867.







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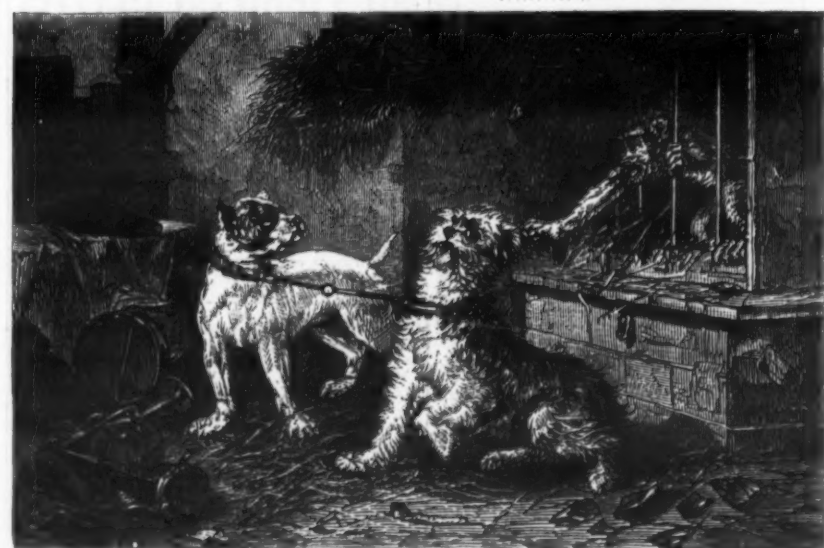
"There was a Man that could look no way but downwards, with a Muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head, with a celestial Crown in his Hand, and proffered him that Crown for his Muck-rake, but the Man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor."—Pilgrim's Progress.

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